THE FIGHTING DAREDEVILS OF THE U.S.A.

U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

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No. 1

The U.S. TANK COMMANDOS!

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE VALIANT FIGHTING MEN OF THE ARMORED DIVISIONS WHO CARRIED THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY!...A LEGEND HAS SUBSEQUENTLY BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO THEM...A LEGEND BORN FROM...

THE TEST of THE U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

SIR...THEY'RE SENDING THEIR FIGHTERS AGAINST US!

OPEN UP, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THEM WHILE THEY'RE ON THE GROUND!

BARROOOM!

TAT TAT TAT

A GROUP OF HIGH BRASS IS SEATED AROUND A CONFERENCE TABLE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., DISCUSSING THE KOREAN WAR...

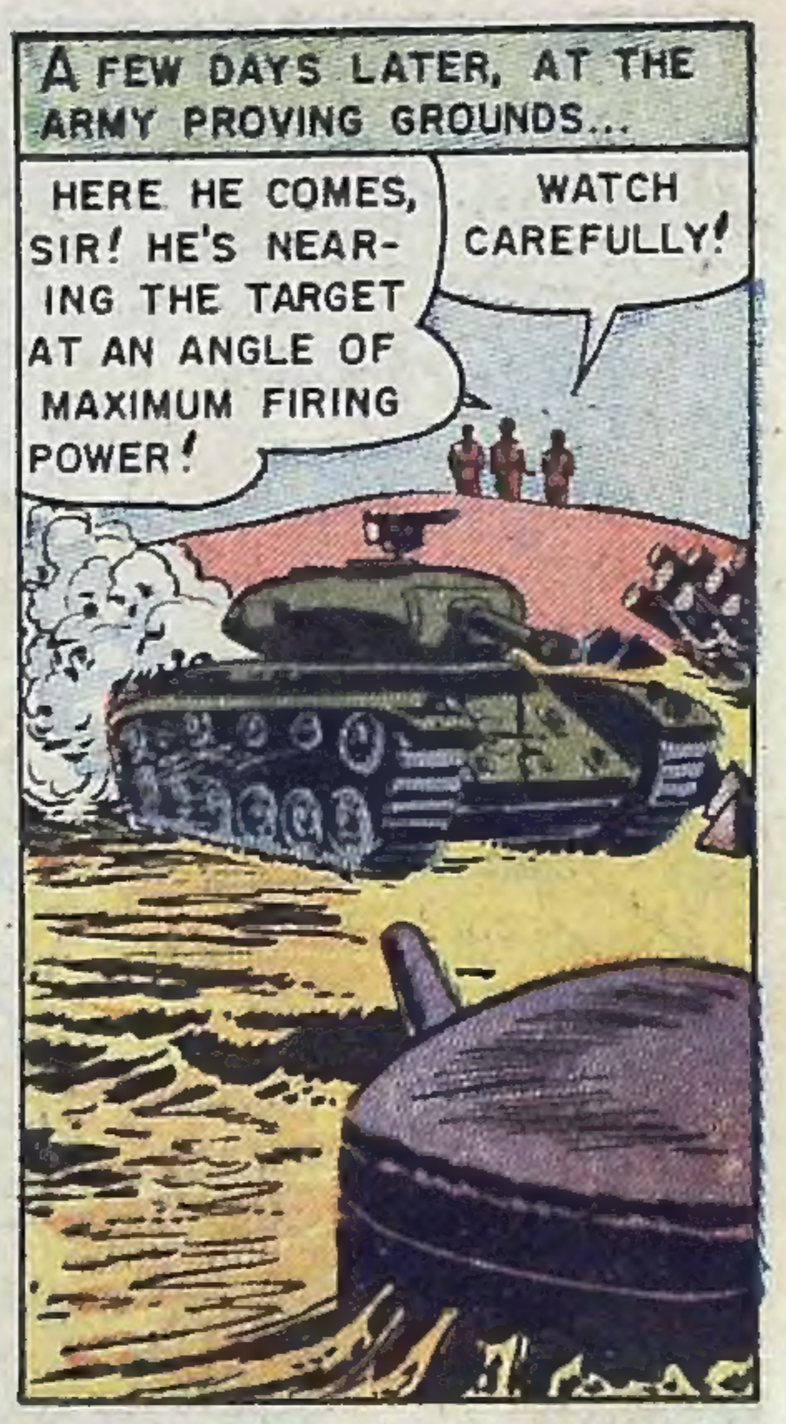
AGAIN WE'RE STALEMATED! AND EVERY HOUR MEANS MORE OF OUR BOYS RISKING THEIR LIVES!

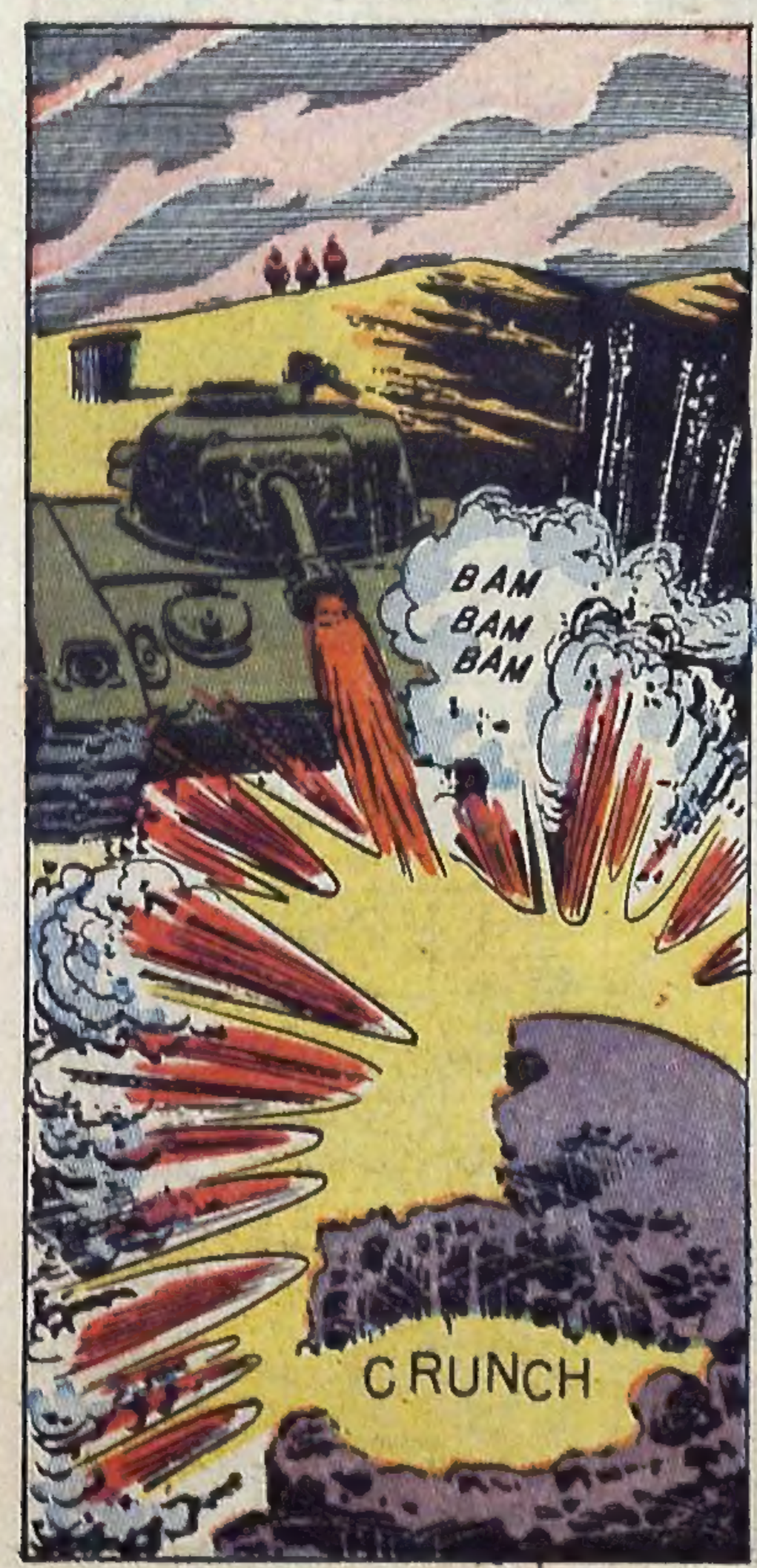
WHY NOT USE MORE PLANES?

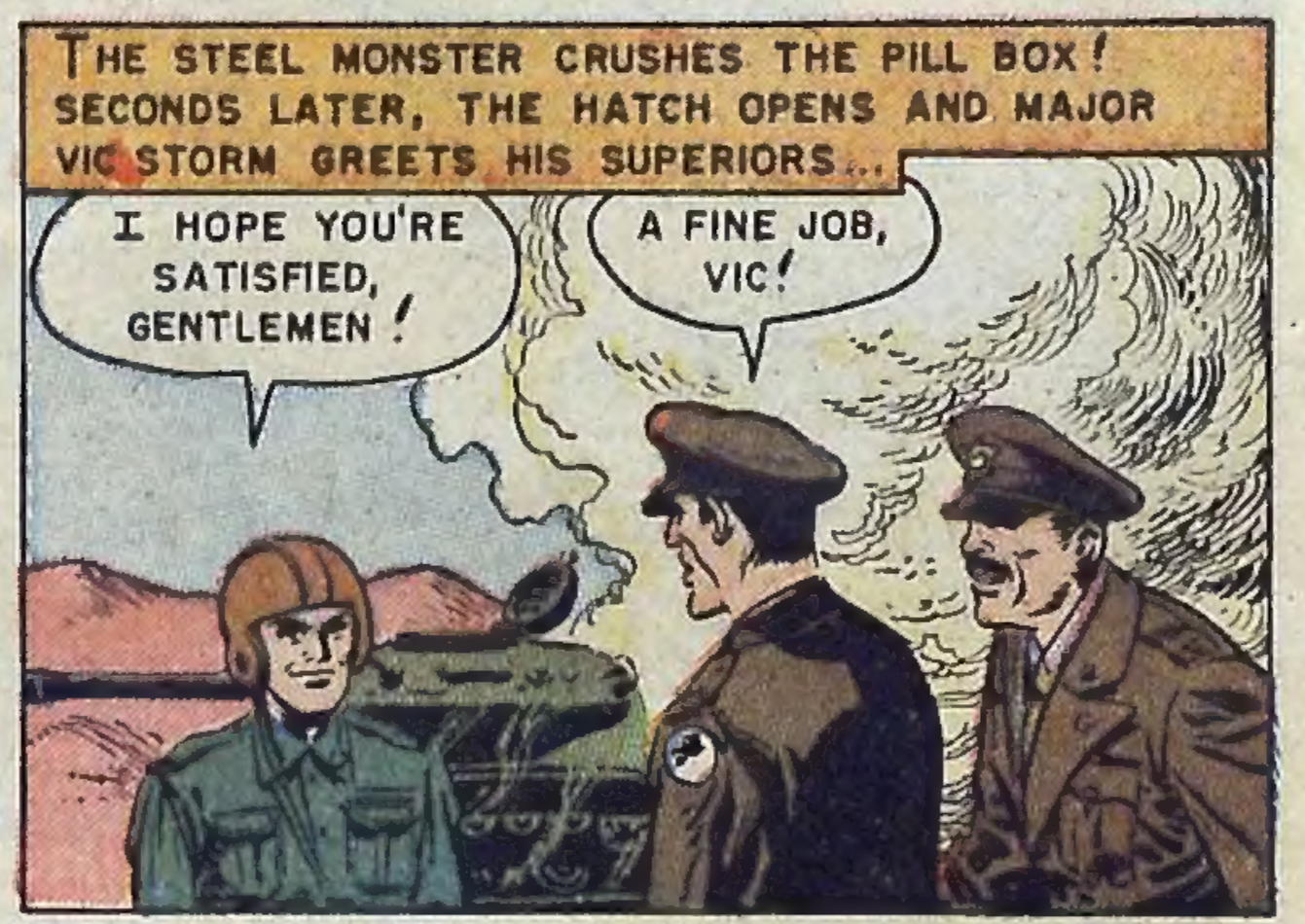
WE HAVE... AND WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS! BUT STILL THE REDS HAVE STOPPED US! WE NEED SOMETHING BIG TO THROW THEM BACK AND PROTECT OUR TROOPS, TOO!

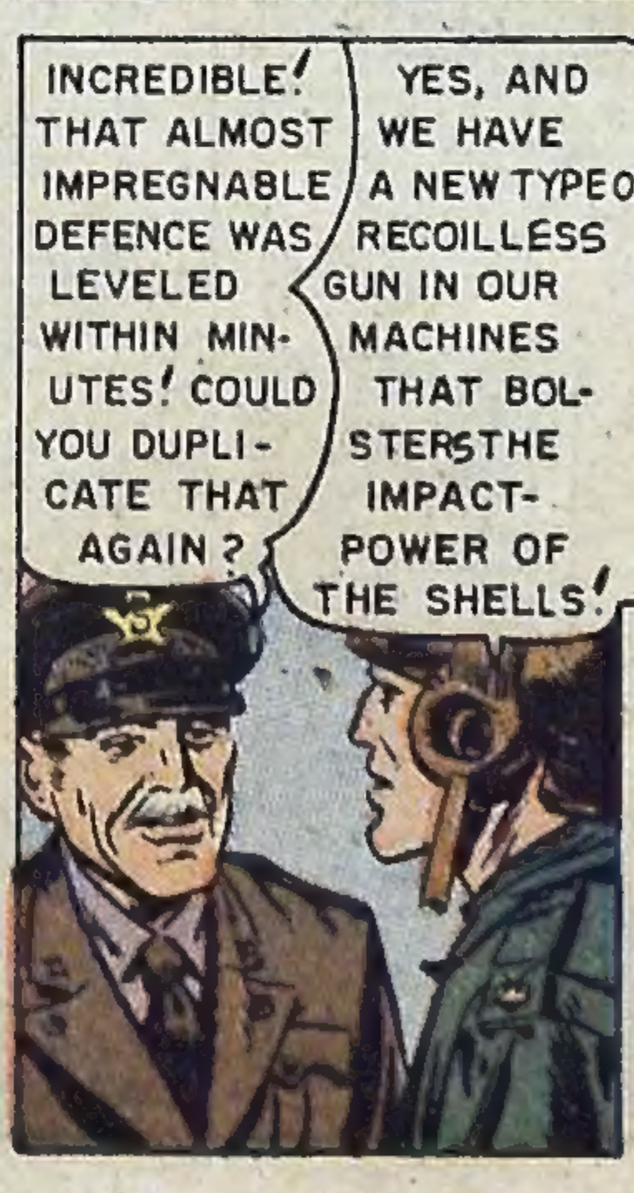
WHAT TYPE OF WEAPON IS THAT, SIR?
THE TANK! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...KOREA IS TOO RUGGED A TERRAIN FOR ARMORED UNITS. BUT DID YOU CONSIDER LIGHT TANKS?

BUT WHAT WILL PREVENT THE REDS FROM USING ARMOUR-PIERCING SHELLS!
NOTHING BUT MANEUVERABILITY, GENTLEMEN...AND I KNOW OF ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THIS... MAJOR VICTOR STORM!


A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS...
HERE HE COMES, SIR! HE'S NEARING THE TARGET AT AN ANGLE OF MAXIMUM FIRING POWER!
WATCH CAREFULLY!


BAM BAM BAM
CRUNCH


THE STEEL MONSTER CRUSHES THE PILL BOX! SECONDS LATER, THE HATCH OPENS AND MAJOR VIC STORM GREETS HIS SUPERIORS...
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED, GENTLEMEN!
A FINE JOB, VIC!


INCREDIBLE! THAT ALMOST IMPREGNABLE DEFENCE WAS LEVELED WITHIN MINUTES! COULD YOU DUPLICATE THAT AGAIN?
YES, AND WE HAVE A NEW TYPE OF RECOILLESS GUN IN OUR MACHINES THAT BOLSTERS THE IMPACT-POWER OF THE SHELLS!

WE HAVE OUR ANSWER, GENTLEMEN! THE TANK IS GOING TO APPEAR IN KOREA! MAJOR... YOUR UNIT IS TO BE ALERTED AT ONCE! GOOD LUCK!
THANK YOU, SIR!

A NIGHT OF BEING TOASTED AT A MERRY UNIT PARTY... THEN WEEKS OF WEARY JOURNEYING...

AND FINALLY, KOREA! VIC STORM AND HIS MEN ARRIVE AT THE FRONT TO FIND A DEADLOCKED ARMY WAITING GRIMLY...

EVERYTHING WE THROW AT THEM MAKES THEM DIG IN DEEPER! SEND IN SOME STRAFING PLANES!

I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT, SIR!

COLONEL BRADLEY... I'M ASKING PERMISSION TO TRY AND TAKE THE RIDGE!

ALL RIGHT, STORM! BUT BE CAREFUL ..YOUR TIN CANS WON'T STAND A CHANCE IN THIS HILLY AREA!

WE'LL TRY OUR BEST! *COME ON, BOYS... LET'S GO!*

I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE AIR SUPPORT I HAVE! SHOOT UP A FLARE WHEN YOU'RE IN POSITION!

SO THE TEST OF THE TANK COMMANDOES BEGINS!

WE'RE APPROACHING THE BASE OF THE RIDGE, SIR!

SGT.! SEND UP THE FLARE!

BAM BAM

RAT TAT TAT TAT

KOM SHU... GAYNU...

THEY'RE WITHDRAWING UP THE HILL! FORM AN ARROWHEAD FOR OUR OWN MEN! SIGNAL THE FLY-BOYS!

THE MESSAGE IS THROUGH, MAJOR!

GOOD, NOW WE HAVE TO GET OUR G.I.'S SAFELY PUT! GUYS...WE'RE REACHING THE PEAK! *WATCH IT!*

LEVEL OFF! WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THAT EMBANKMENT!

CAN'T, SIR! THE STICK'S DEAD! ONE OF THOSE LAND MINES MUST HAVE HIT THE SHIFT LEVER!

THE LAND BATTLESHIP SPINS AROUND IN THE SOGGY MUD. THE OOZE SLOWLY GIVES WAY UNDER THE TANK'S WEIGHT, AND--

WE'RE TOPPLING OVER!

HOLD ON, BOYS!

CRASH

VIC STORM SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO SEE THE FACE OF AN ORIENTAL...

MAKE NO MOVE -- OR I KILL! YOUR COMPANIONS DEAD! YOU COME!

HE SHOT THE OTHERS! THE DIRTY RAT!

THE ENEMY, PUSHING MAJOR STORM IN FRONT OF THEM... MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS A CLEARING TWO MILES FROM THE RIDGE...

I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT FOR HOURS! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED UP ON THE RIDGE?

YOU ENTER HUT!

VIC FACES A RED CHINESE COLONEL, COMMANDER OF THE RIDGE FORCES...

I AM COLONEL WAN TOONG, MAJOR! WE SUCCESSFULLY ASSULTED YOUR TROOPS WITH REINFORCEMENTS. YOU ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE REMAINED ALIVE!

SO THAT'S WHY MY BOYS COULDN'T HELP US!

WHAT IS THE STRENGTH OF YOUR TANK UNIT? WHERE ARE YOU BASED? HOW MANY ARE YOU? SPEAK UP!

COLONEL! ALL I'M REQUIRED TO DO IS GIVE YOU MY NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER!

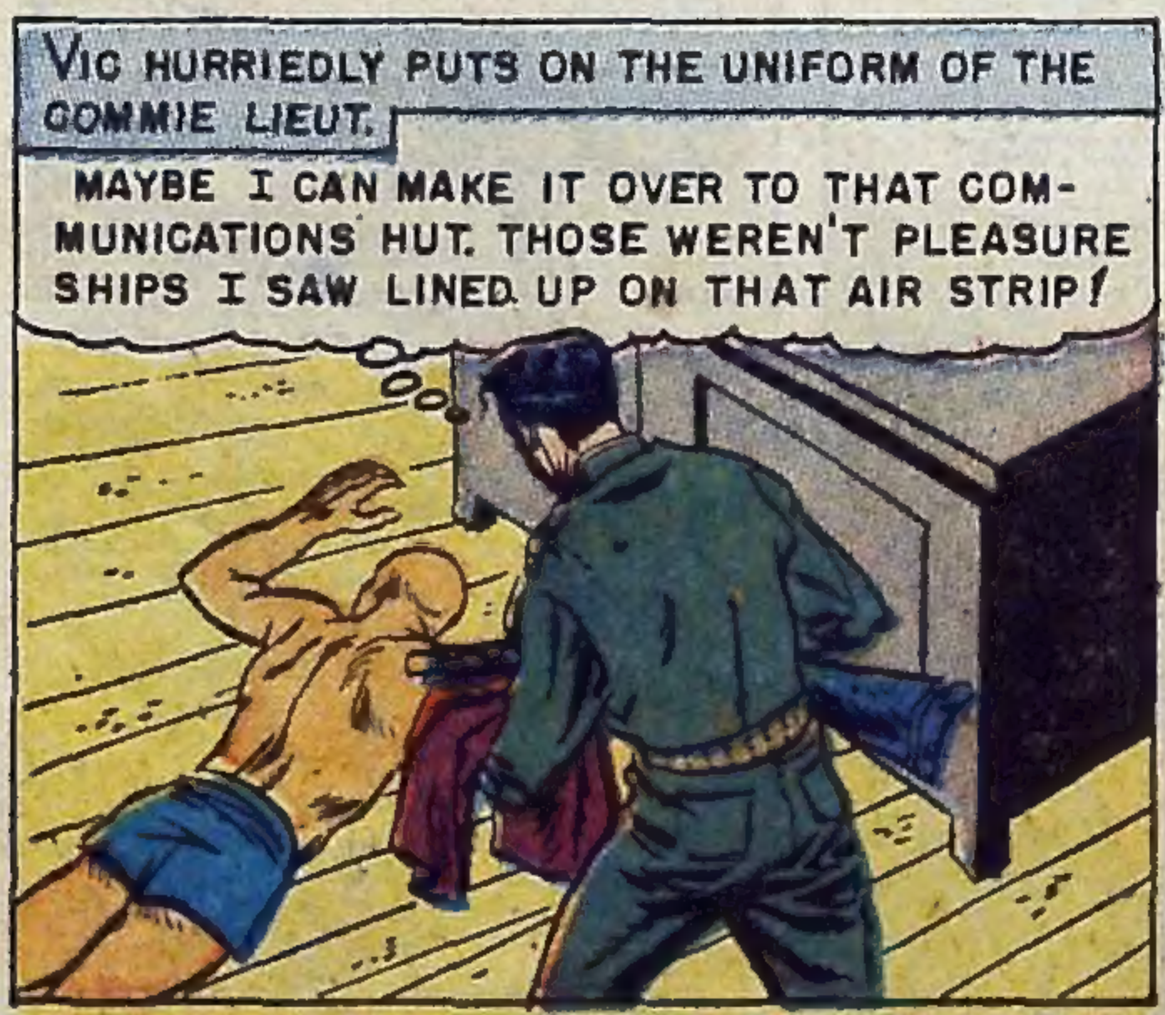
SWINE! YOU WILL ANSWER IMMEDIATELY OR I SHALL HAVE YOU SHOT! ALREADY OUR PILOTS WAIT NEARBY TO BOMB YOUR TANKS. YOUR INFORMATION WILL AID THEM!

WE'RE AT COORDINATES XL-3-- ABOUT TEN TANKS OF THE 5TH DIVISION!
LIEUTENANT-- CHECK THIS INFORMATION WITH SGT. HAU AT THE COMMUNICATIONS HUT!
AT ONCE, COLONEL!

VIC NOW IS ALONE WITH THE RED COLONEL. THIS IS HIS CHANCE!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
DROP THAT GUN, FAT BOY!
THUD!
UGHHH!

HE'S OUT COLD! NOW TO WAIT FOR BUSTER TO RETURN...

SECONDS LATER, AN ANGRY LIEUTENANT RUSHES IN TO INFORM HIS SUPERIOR THAT THE INFORMATION WAS FALSE.
THIS IS FOR LEWITZ AND BELL, RAT!
BANG BANG


VIC HURRIEDLY PUTS ON THE UNIFORM OF THE COMMIE LIEUT.
MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT OVER TO THAT COMMUNICATIONS HUT. THOSE WEREN'T PLEASURE SHIPS I SAW LINED UP ON THAT AIR STRIP!

MOMENTS LATER, MAJOR STORM REACHED THE REAR ENTRANCE OF THE HUT, GAMBLING DESPERATELY FOR TIME...
IF THESE GOOKS GET IN THE AIR, WE'RE THROUGH! THEY'LL RIP OUR TANKS TO SHREDS! I'VE GOT TO WARN OUR BOYS!

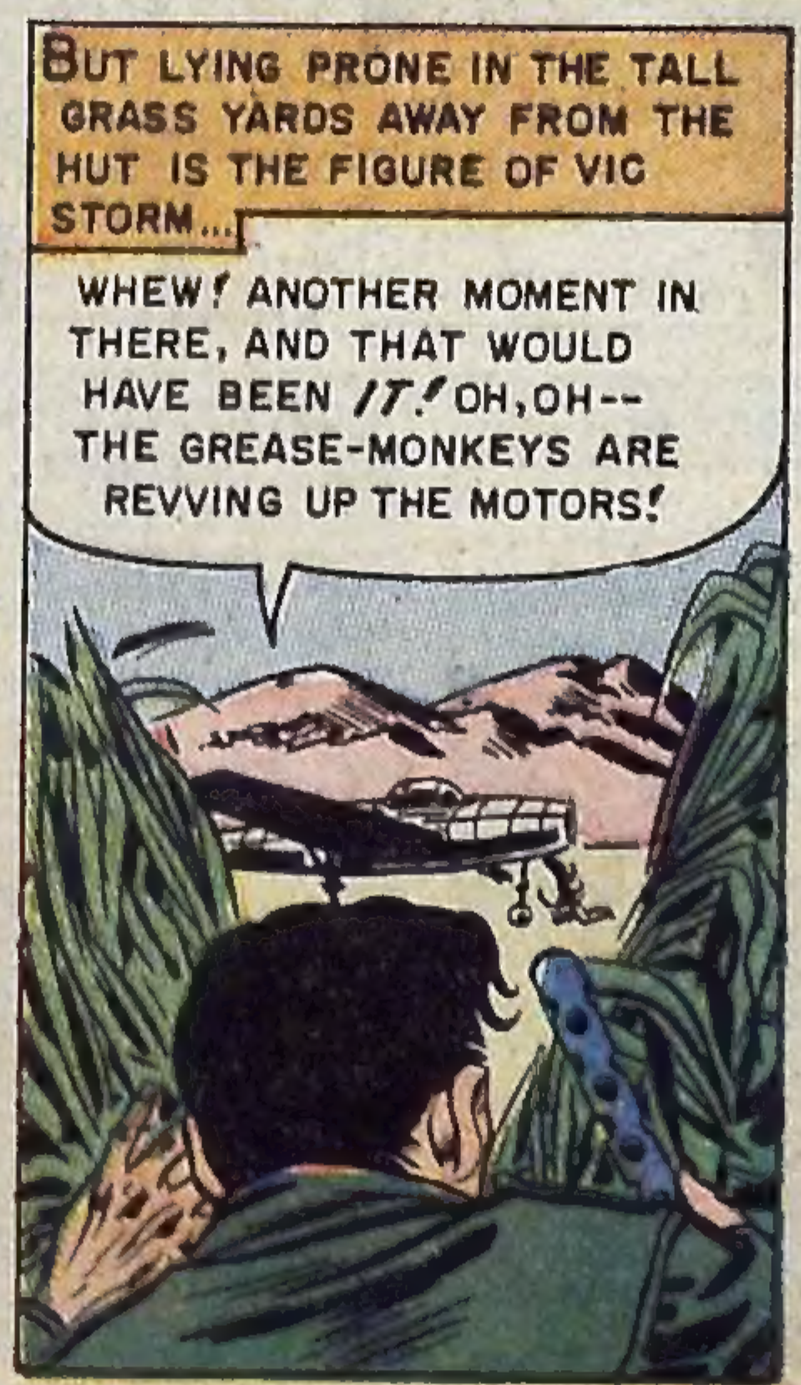
THE AMERICAN! KILL HIM!
I CAN PLAY TOUGH TOO!

IF ONE OF THESE BULLETS HIT THAT TRANSMITTER, I'M SUNK!
RATATATA

RED HORSE--CALLING RED HORSE--BLUE CHARLIE--SEND SIX IRON JOCKEYS TO COORDINATES FT-9,.COUNTER-ATTACK AIRSTRIP. CODE TRULI-TRULI--STORM--OVER!
I HOPE THEY HEARD ME...

MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF THE GUNFIRE HAS BROUGHT OUT THE ENTIRE AIR FIELD'S PERSONNEL!
HE IS IN THERE! BLOW UP THE HUT!
AT ONCE, MY COLONEL!

THE YANKEE DOG WILL NEVER TROUBLE US AGAIN! ORDER OUR SQUADRON INTO THE AIR!
BAROOM


BUT LYING PRONE IN THE TALL GRASS YARDS AWAY FROM THE HUT IS THE FIGURE OF VIC STORM...
WHEW! ANOTHER MOMENT IN THERE, AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IT! OH, OH--THE GREASE-MONKEYS ARE REVVING UP THE MOTORS!

THE FIELD IS BUSTLING WITH INFURIATED ACTIVITY! AND NOW, IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL, STEPS VIC STORM!
GET AWAY FROM THOSE CRATES!
HE AGAIN! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
RATATTATAT

VIC TRIES TO HOLD THEM BACK, BUT ONE MAN IS NO MATCH FOR MANY...

DIE... *DIE!* Y-A-A-A-H!

WELL... IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED!

SUDDENLY... ROARING OUT OF THE FORESTS, COME SIX GIANT MONSTERS... SPEWING HOT LEAD AND FLAME! VIC'S UNIT HAS COME THROUGH!

YIIIIIII! RETREAT! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

COME ON, BOYS! GIVE IT TO 'EM!

MAJOR... WHERE ARE THE PLANES?

OVER THERE, GONZALES! USE YOUR FLAME-THROWERS... QUICK!

OKAY... HOP IN! COLONEL SENT IN A FIGHTER CANOPY AS WELL TO BACK US UP!

HERE THEY COME!

THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES IS A BATTLE OF TITANIC PROPORTIONS! U.N. PLANES AND TANKS LEAVE A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION IN THEIR PATHS!

THAT DOES IT!

LET'S GO HOME, BOYS! WE'VE DONE OUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!

AND BACK AT U.N. HEADQUARTERS, A SURPRISE GREETS VIC STORM...

MAJOR... WE'VE WON THAT RIDGE! IT WAS PRACTICALLY EMPTY WHEN WE ATTACKED IT!

WELL, I'LL BE...! THEY MUST HAVE RECALLED THEIR TROOPS TO FIGHT US AT THE AIRSTRIP!

I'LL NEVER DOUBT THE STRIKING POWER OF YOUR TIN CANS AGAIN! WE'LL SPEARHEAD EVERY ATTACK WITH THEM FROM NOW ON!

THANK YOU, SIR! AND NOW... IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME... I WANT TO KISS A BATTERED OLD CRATE OF STEEL THAT PULLED US THROUGH!

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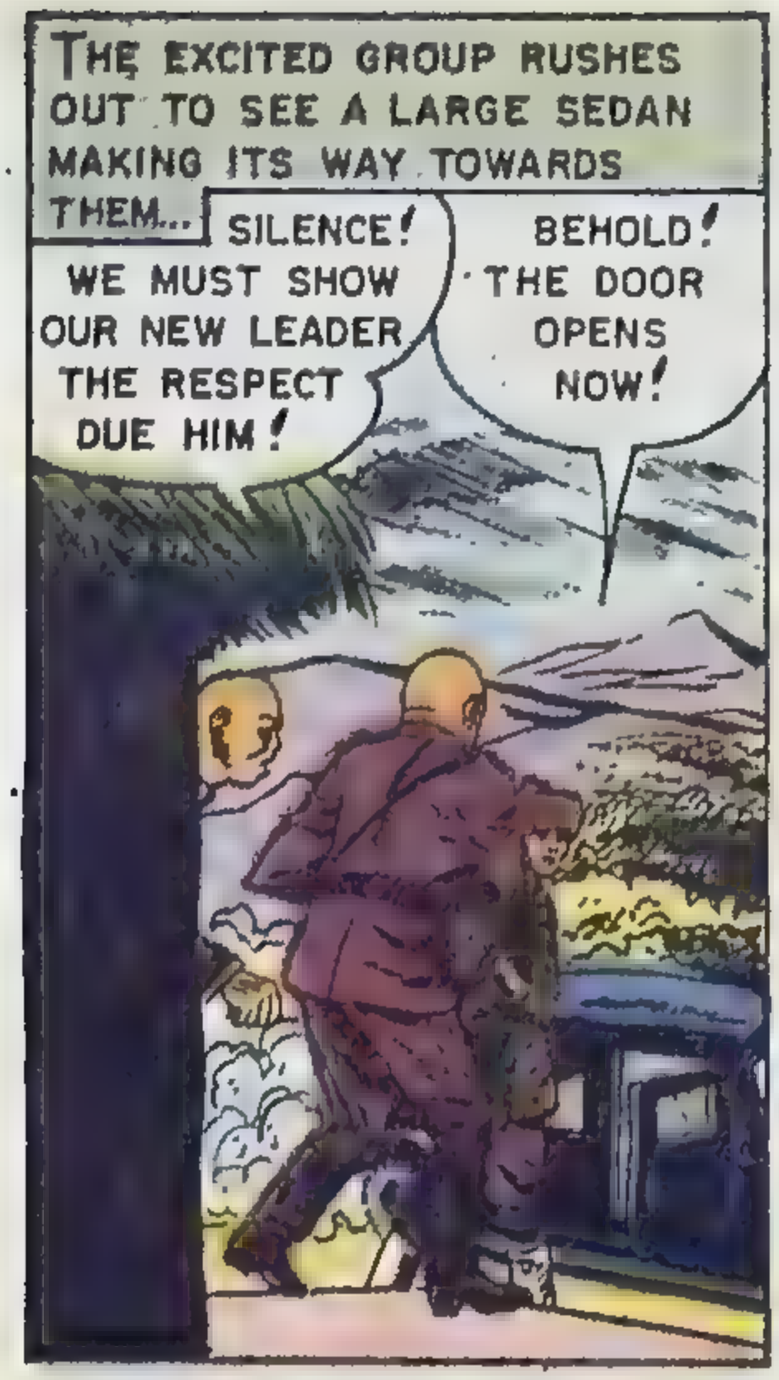
U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

The BATTLE of the IRON MONSTERS!

THE APPEARANCE OF THE TANK IN BATTLE PROVED TO BE A MAJOR FACTOR IN THE BOLSTERING OF UN SPEARHEADS. BUT THIS ADVANTAGE WAS NOT TO LAST LONG, FOR OUT OF NORTH KOREA'S HILLS CAME A SUPER-TANK PILOTED BY A BEAUTIFUL BUT RUTHLESS FEMALE COLONEL WHO CHALLENGED THE MIGHT OF VIC STORM'S UNIT IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH!

"*THE BATTLE OF THE IRON MONSTERS!*"


THE EXCITED GROUP RUSHES OUT TO SEE A LARGE SEDAN MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS THEM...
SILENCE! WE MUST SHOW OUR NEW LEADER THE RESPECT DUE HIM!
BEHOLD! THE DOOR OPENS NOW!

YOU ARE COMMANDER OUNA? I AM NTASHA CHAN, COLONEL IN THE SPECIAL ATTACK FORCE ASSIGNED TO YOUR AREA!
B...BUT...! I...I THOUGHT HIGHER HEAD-QUARTERS WOULD SEND A...

...A MAN? I AM THE EQUAL OF ANY MAN! OR DO YOU QUESTION THE AUTHORITY OF OUR SUPERIORS IN SENDING ME HERE?
NO, OF COURSE NOT, COLONEL CHAN! UH... WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

OUR GLORIOUS PEOPLE'S ARMY IS TO STRIKE IMMEDIATELY AT HILLS 234 AND 236! THE CAPITALIST DOGS HAVE KEPT US IN CHECK TOO LONG. BUT NOW WE HAVE A NEW WEAPON!
WHAT IS IT? IT LOOKS LIKE A MONSTER VEHICLE!

INDEED IT IS, FOR RUMBLING AROUND THE BEND OF THE ROAD IS THE LARGEST TANK IN EXISTENCE...A VERITABLE DREADNAUGHT!
YES, COMRADE! WE HAVE BUILT THIS IN SECRET! NOW WE INTEND TO TEST ITS FIRE-POWER IN BATTLE!

BUT HOW WILL YOU PROTECT IT FROM ENEMY AIR ATTACK, MY COLONEL? YOU NEED COVER AND MANY SOLDIERS!
I WILL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR SEEING THAT WE HAVE THEM, OUNA! MARK WELL MY WORDS... WE SHALL BE INVINCIBLE!

AND A DAY LATER, IN AN ADVANCE FOX-HOLE ON HILL 234...
HOLY COW! JOE...DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEAH! SOUND THE ALARM... QUICK!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE INACTIVITY OF THE AMERICAN UNITS HOLDING HILL 234 EXPLODES INTO GRIM FIGHTING AS THE MONSTER-TANK REACHES THE CRESTS...

CLU...CLU...ALERT AIR JOHNNIES... ENEMY SUPER TANK ON COORDINATES N.45...S.16...HURRY!

BARROOM

RAT-TAT-TAT

POUR THOSE ANTI-TANK ROUNDS INTO 'EM!

I AM...BUT NOTHING HAPPENS! IT'S TOO BIG, I TELL YA...FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

MEANWHILE, AT THE COORDINATING HUT BEHIND U.N. LINES, MAJOR VIC STORM IS TRACING THE RED COUNTER-THRUST...

THE TANK HAS JUST PENETRATED OUR FIRST LINE, SIR!

THEN IT'S NO ORDINARY TANK! THOSE TRAPS SHOULD HAVE SMASHED IT TO BITS!

ANY ORDERS, MAJOR?

ACTIVATE FULLER'S F-80 SQUADRON! THEY'RE TO BEGIN THE ATTACK! OKAY, GUYS... LET'S GO!

WHILE A FLIGHT OF F-80'S WARM UP ON THE RUNWAY, VIC AND HIS MEN RUN TOWARD THEIR SHERMAN. THE BATTLE IS ON!

HERE'S HOPING OUR JOES CAN HOLD! WHERE'S THE ENEMY NOW, JAKES?

IT'S THROUGH OUR SECOND BARRIER, SIR!

NOW VIC'S UNIT RUSHES TO BRIDGE THE GAP, AND THE F-80'S STRIKE AT THE STEEL MONSTER THAT LUMBERS ONWARD SO RELENTLESSLY...

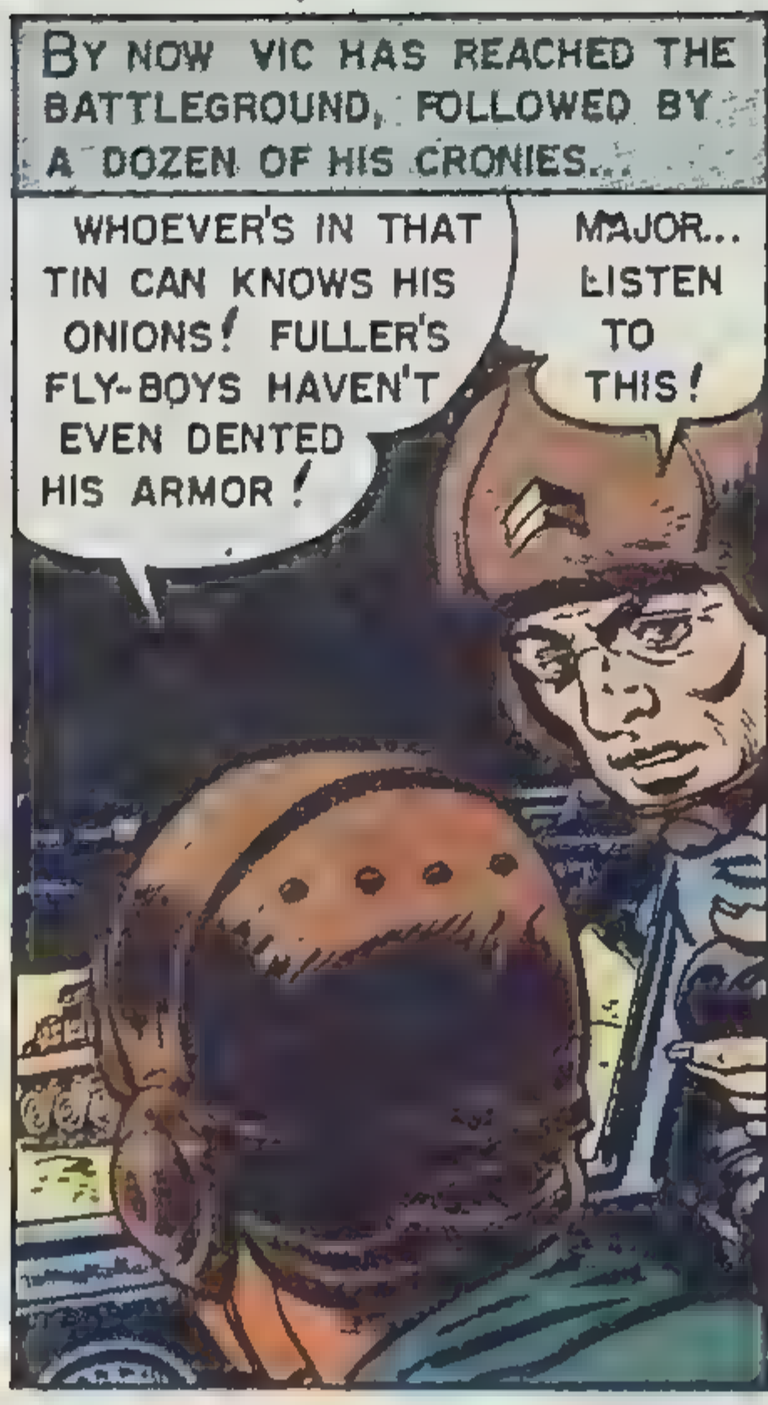
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT'S STILL MOVING! THAT ISN'T A TANK...IT'S A FORTRESS!

AND BEHIND IT ARE THE COUNTER-ATTACKING REDS!

DEATH...DEATH TO THE YANKEES!

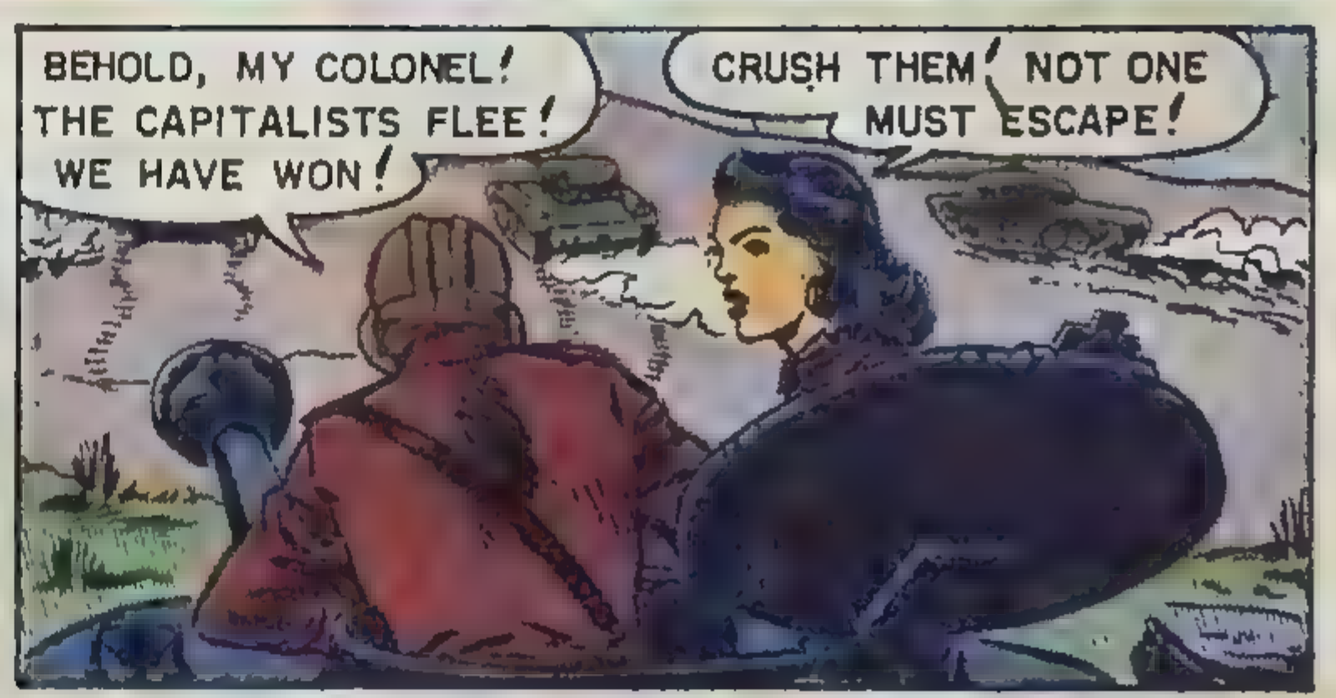
COME AN' GET IT, COMRADES!

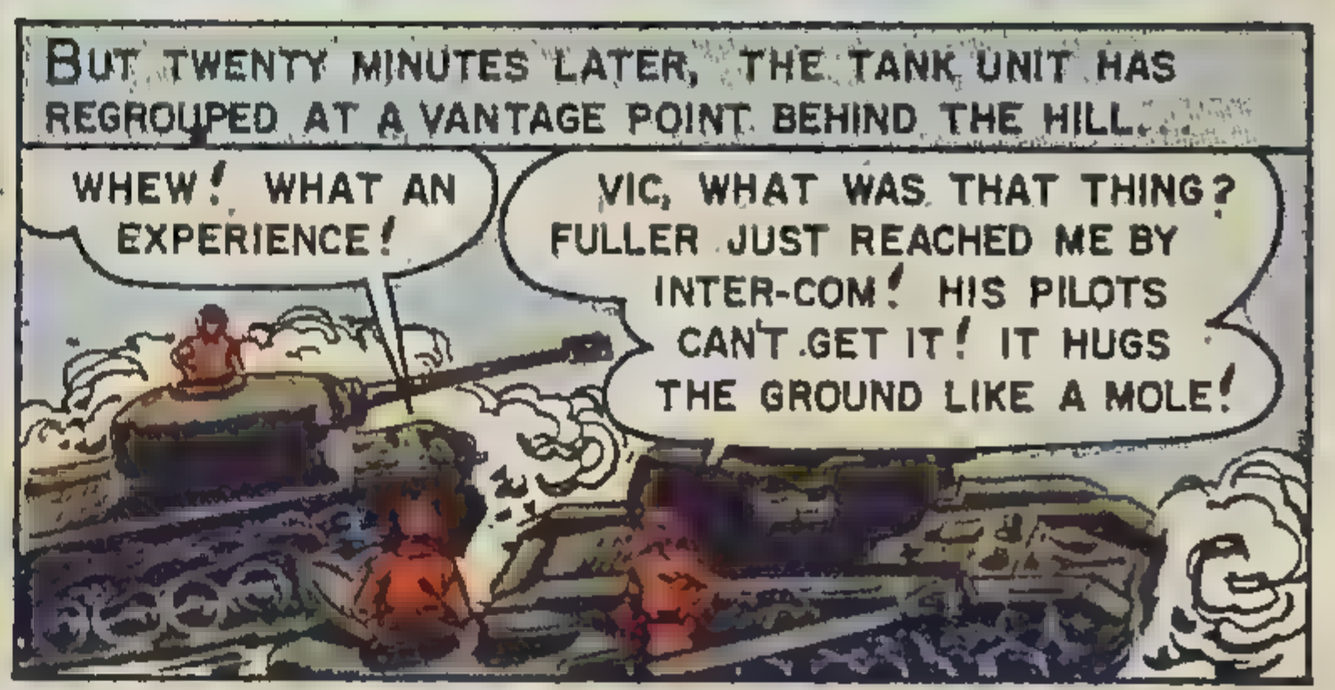
THAT'S ENOUGH, MEN! WE'RE ABANDONING OUR POSITIONS! LOOKS LIKE THE GOOKS ARE TAKING OVER THIS HILL!


BY NOW VIC HAS REACHED THE BATTLEGROUND, FOLLOWED BY A DOZEN OF HIS CRONIES...
WHOEVER'S IN THAT TIN CAN KNOWS HIS ONIONS! FULLER'S FLY-BOYS HAVEN'T EVEN DENTED HIS ARMOR!
MAJOR... LISTEN TO THIS!

OCHENOO DRAJSTAVNI... LEGIET!
I'D SWEAR IT'S COMING FROM OUR RED PAL IN THAT CAN!
A GIRLS VOICE! WELL, I'LL BE...

THEIR SURPRISE IS CUT SHORT, HOWEVER, FOR THE SUPER LAND-MONSTER HAS SPOTTED THEM! IT RUMBLES TOWARDS THEM, GUNS BLAZING...
JOHNSON'S HIT!
ORDER ALL UNITS TO WITHDRAW!
CRASH
BAM
BAM


BEHOLD, MY COLONEL! THE CAPITALISTS FLEE! WE HAVE WON!
CRUSH THEM! NOT ONE MUST ESCAPE!


BUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE TANK UNIT HAS REGROUPED AT A VANTAGE POINT BEHIND THE HILL.
WHEW! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!
VIC, WHAT WAS THAT THING? FULLER JUST REACHED ME BY INTER-COM! HIS PILOTS CAN'T GET IT! IT HUGS THE GROUND LIKE A MOLE!

LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS ONE OF THEIR NEW CONTRAPTIONS! IT HAS UNBELIEVABLE ARMOR AND INCREDIBLE MANEUVERABILITY...BUT IT CAN BE BEATEN! BOYS... I HAVE AN IDEA!

WHEN NIGHT FALLS, COMBAT ENGINEERING UNITS WORK QUICKLY AND QUIETLY UNDER VIC'S DIRECTION. MORNING FINDS A TENSE GROUP WAITING!

WONDER WHAT THE MAJOR'S GOT IN STORE FOR THE GOOKS?

IF I KNOW HIM, IT'S GONNA BE GOOD!

SUDDENLY, FROM THE DENSE REACHES OF THE HILL COMES A POUNDING OF GUNS, A SCREAMING OF ROCKETS AND SHELLS, AND A RUMBLING OF TANK TREADS...

YAAAAHAHA!

WELL...WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG! HERE THEY COME!

SIR...THERE'S OUR BABY, OVER YONDER BY THE RIVER! SHE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HILL 236!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T CHANGE HER MIND! GIVE THE SIGNAL, SGT.!

PROCEED WITH BLUE CHARLIE...UNITS 26 AND 48...SIGNAL'S AWAY, MAJOR!

OKAY...AND HERE WE GO!

THE SHERMANS ROLL AT TOP SPEED TO INTERCEPT THE ONCOMING METAL COLOSSUS, THEIR TREADS BITING DEEPLY INTO THE FROZEN MUD...

GRADY...COVER YOUR FLANK! ADAMS...USE THAN CANNON! HOW'RE YOU DOING, STEIN?

ROGER, MAJOR!

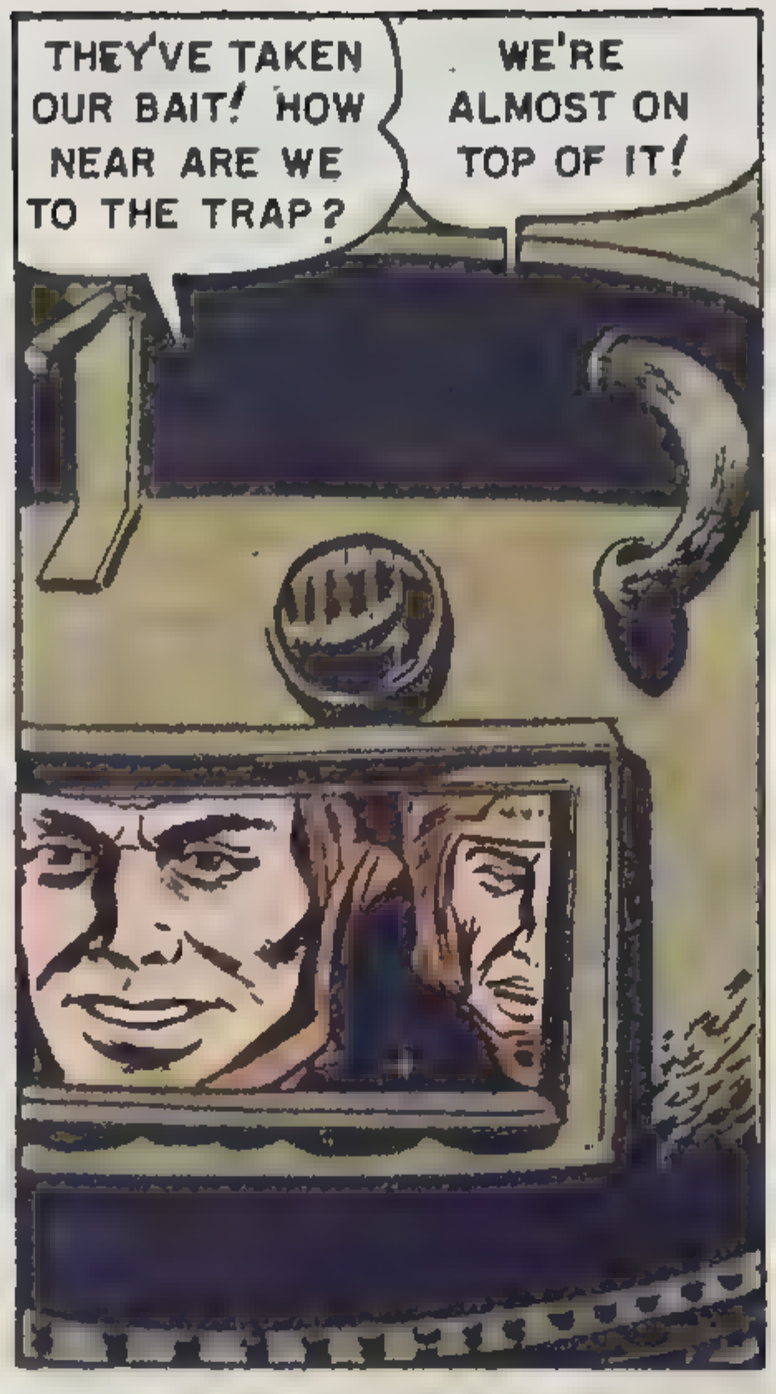
COLONEL...THE YANKEES INTEND TO HEM US IN BY EMPLOYING CHILDISH ENCIRCULING TACTICS!

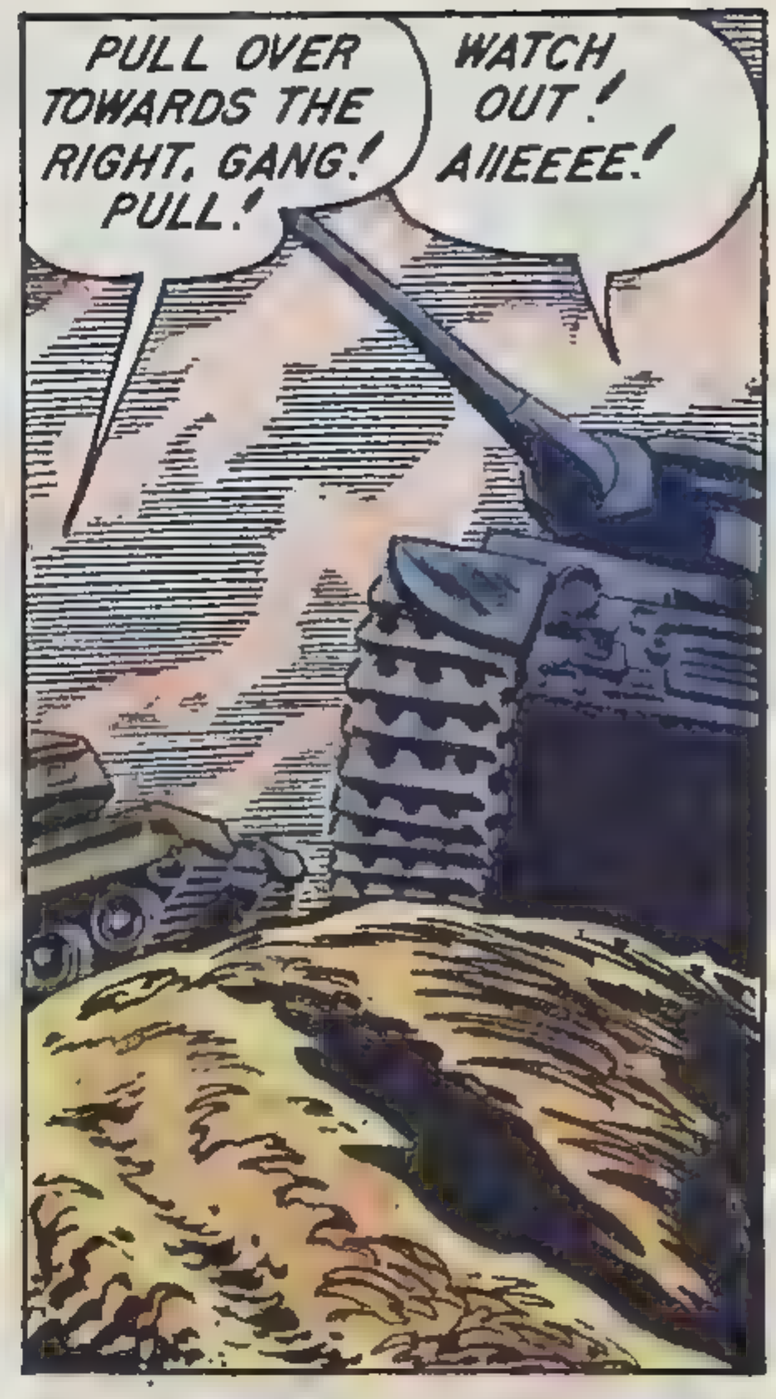
BRING YOUR GUNS TO BEAR ON THEM ONE AT A TIME... QUICKLY!

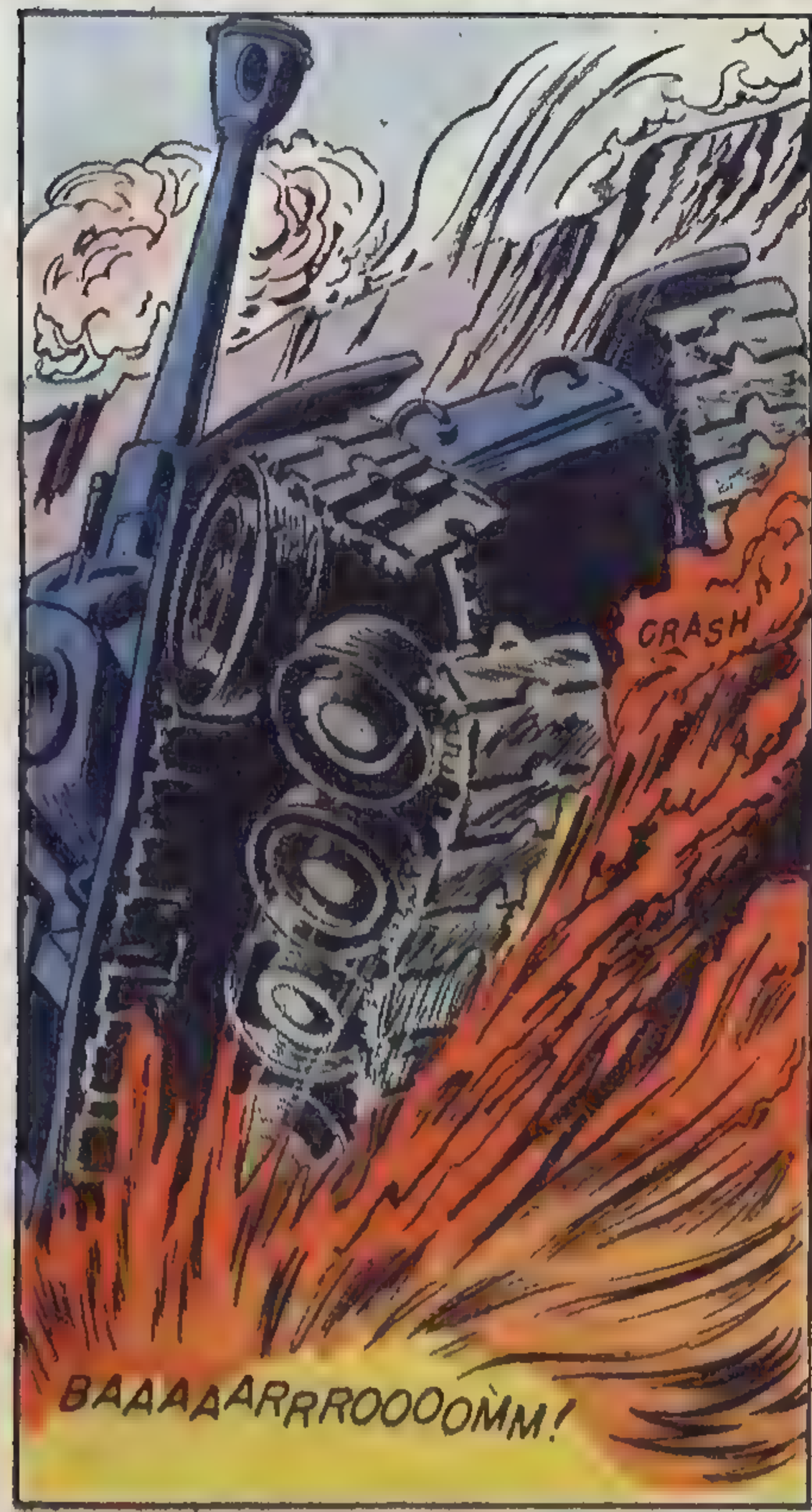
WE HAVE SCORED A DIRECT HIT! HA, HA...

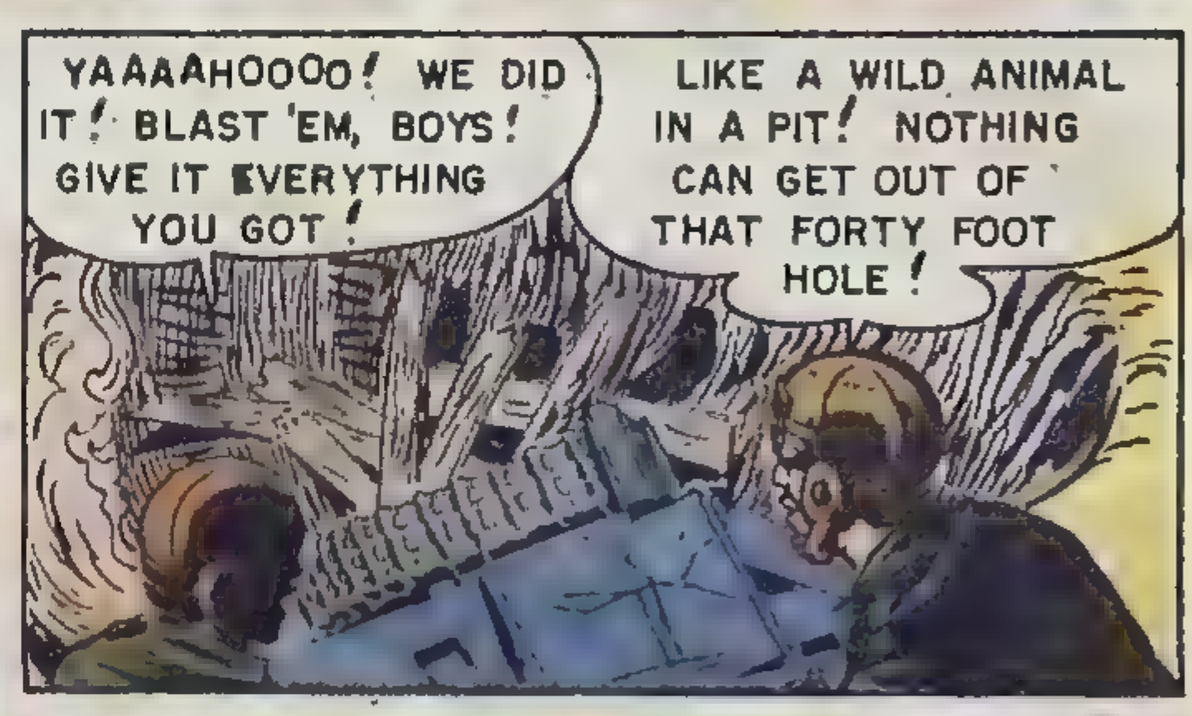
CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE AT THE SECOND TANK NOW! WE WILL METHODICALLY DESTROY THESE STUPID FOOLS ONE BY ONE!

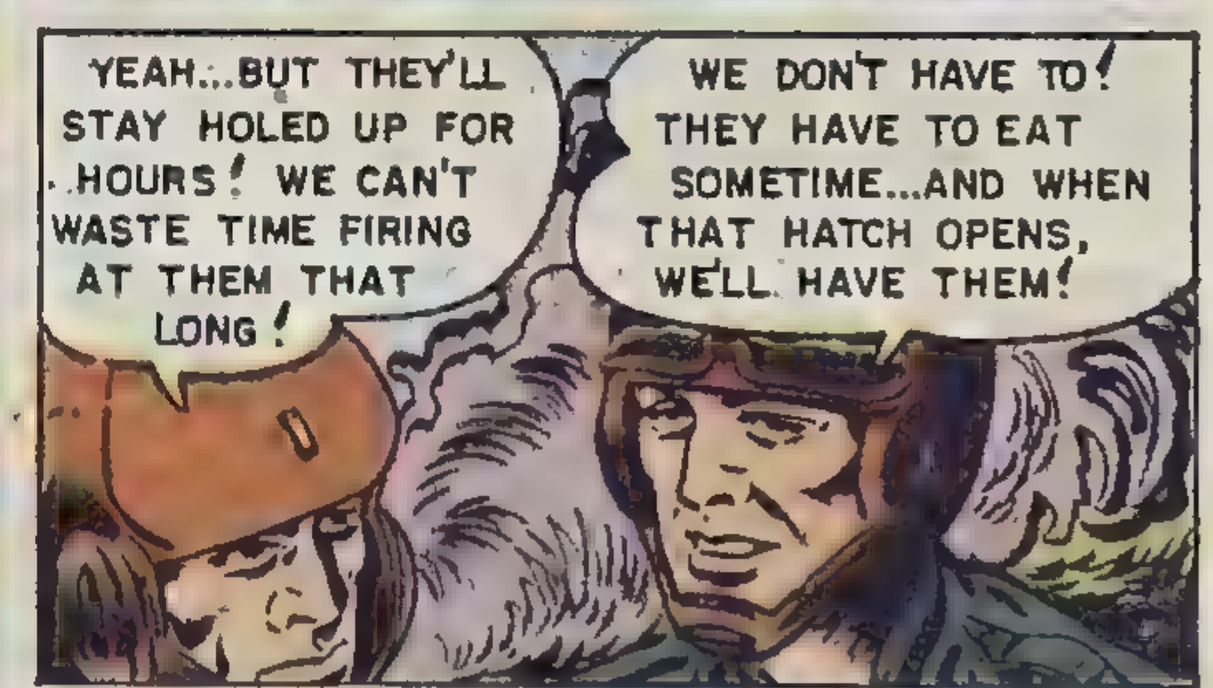
THE U.S. TANKS MILL AROUND THE MONSTER DREADNAUGHT LIKE DOGS WORRYING A SNARLING BEAR. BUT AS THE FIRE-POWER OF THE ENEMY CATCHES THEM, THEY BREAK AND RUN!
GET OUT, WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!
AFTER THEM, OAFS! AFTER THEM!

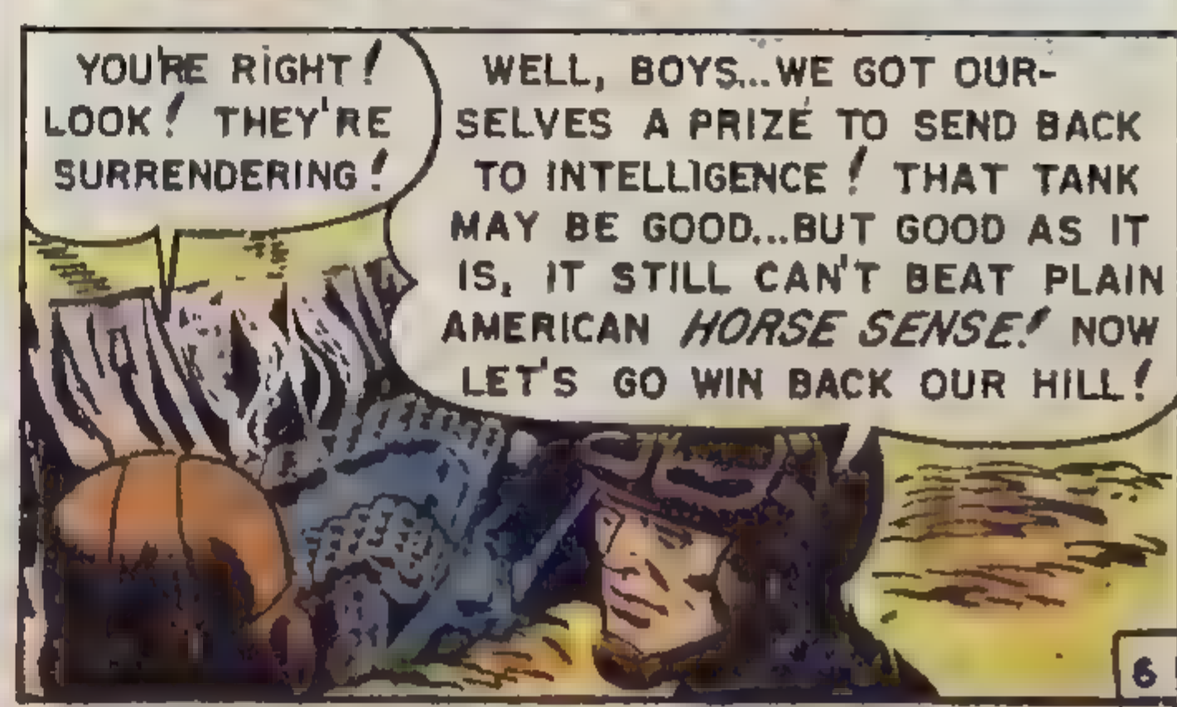

THEY'VE TAKEN OUR BAIT! HOW NEAR ARE WE TO THE TRAP?
WE'RE ALMOST ON TOP OF IT!


PULL OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT, GANG! PULL!
WATCH OUT! AIIEEEE!


CRASH
BAAAAARRROOOOMM!


YAAAAHOOOO! WE DID IT! BLAST 'EM, BOYS! GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU GOT!
LIKE A WILD ANIMAL IN A PIT! NOTHING CAN GET OUT OF THAT FORTY FOOT HOLE!


YEAH...BUT THEY'LL STAY HOLED UP FOR HOURS! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME FIRING AT THEM THAT LONG!
WE DON'T HAVE TO! THEY HAVE TO EAT SOMETIME...AND WHEN THAT HATCH OPENS, WE'LL HAVE THEM!


YOU'RE RIGHT! LOOK! THEY'RE SURRENDERING!
WELL, BOYS...WE GOT OURSELVES A PRIZE TO SEND BACK TO INTELLIGENCE! THAT TANK MAY BE GOOD...BUT GOOD AS IT IS, IT STILL CAN'T BEAT PLAIN AMERICAN HORSE SENSE! NOW LET'S GO WIN BACK OUR HILL!

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CRASH-LAND to GLORY

It is a long way from the Chosin Reservoir, Korea, to Fall River, Massachusetts. But both areas have one thing in common—in the wintertime thick blankets of fleecy white snow cover the ground and the air becomes pure with cold.

Perhaps Lieutenant (j.g.) Thomas J. Hudner was thinking something of this sort as he piloted his navy fighter plane through the North Korean air on that fateful morning of December 5, 1950. The 27-year-old combat pilot was a native of the New England manufacturing city, but he had been carried far from his native stone-walls on the USS LEYTE, and on the day referred to he was taking part in a close support mission over rugged enemy territory.

They had run into heavy enemy anti-aircraft fire early in the mission, and soon the fighter plane of Ensign Jesse Leroy Brown, a fellow airman of Hudner's, began trailing smoke and appeared to have been hit.

The commanding officer of the mission, Lt. Comdr. Richard L. Cevoli, USN, of Greenwich, Connecticut, later gave the following account of what happened next:

"No sooner had we got the word on the smoke than we spotted the plane going down. We saw him (Brown) set the plane down in a rough field about five miles beyond our friendly lines. He must have hit something in the field because the landing gear was up and the engine flew off the plane. I could tell the pilot was alive so I went off to call for a rescue helicopter and left Hudner and another pilot to destroy the downed plane as soon as the pilot was clear. While I was gone I received word that Hudner had gone down to help him out."

After Commander Cevoli had flown off for help, Lieutenant Hudner had begun to circle the area as slowly as possible.

Hundreds of Chinese foot-soldiers were in the vicinity, and Hudner prepared to strafe in order to protect the injured pilot who sat trapped in his downed plane. But suddenly something new and ominous caught the Lieutenant's eye—red flames had begun to lick hungrily from the crashed plane. Unhesitatingly Hudner pancaked his own aircraft onto the snow-covered field and ran to the help of Ensign Brown!

Desperately he tugged at the canopy of the burning aircraft, but despite all the strength urgency could summon, the hood of the plane stuck fast and would not slide far enough to allow the imprisoned pilot room to escape. Hudner did not give up without a struggle, however. Working frenziedly, he packed snow tightly around the plane. It was burning with a slow, steady, determined heat, and just as soon as Hudner had piled and patted the cold whiteness around the fuselage the warmth would melt it off. But it was the only thing Hudner could do, so he remained there, shoveling the snow against the aircraft with hands that grew steadily more numb.

Horrifying minute followed horrifying minute with a slowness that turned all of Hudner's efforts into bitter mockery. New hope sprang in the pilot's breast when a helicopter piloted by Marine Lieutenant Charles Ward dropped gently onto the field. Lt. Ward brought fire axes and rescue equipment, and now both men worked like demons to get Ensign Brown out of the wreckage. But the young naval officer was in an unreachable position. Despite gallant efforts to the contrary on the part of Hudner and Ward, Ensign Brown's death came within a very short time.

To Lieutenant Thomas J. Hudner was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award a grateful nation could bestow for the valor he had shown.

One-Man Armored Army!

Master Sergeant Ernest R. Kouma grew up in the farm region around Dwight, Nebraska, back in the days before he joined the army and was introduced to that ponderous giant of modern warfare, the tank. Kouma soon proved himself to be a fine soldier and a natural tankman.

On August 31, 1951, he was a tank commander in Company A, of the 72nd Tank Battalion. The 72nd was engaged in supporting infantry elements in the savage fighting taking place on the Naktong River front. The force of the battle ebbed and flowed like an ocean tide; at one moment the combat would be fierce and unremitting, at another a peaceful quiet would descend over the entire front.

Around midnight, however, a hostile force estimated to have been made up of over five hundred howling North Korean foot soldiers crossed the Naktong and launched a fierce attack against the infantry positions on the United Nations' lines. All around Sergeant Kouma men fell as the enemy inflicted heavy casualties with grenade and mortar.

A few minutes after the foot attack began the enemy artillery got zeroed in on the U.N. positions and the shells began to drop upon Company A with blood-chilling regularity and accuracy. The enemy assault overran two tanks, destroying one and forcing another to withdraw. Suddenly Sergeant Kouma discovered that his tank was the only armored vehicle left to act as an obstacle in the path of the frenzied North Korean onslaught!

To retreat was the logical thing, if he wanted to save the lives of his crew. But he knew that they were soldiers, and he was a good enough tactician to realize that in the cold-blooded business of war it would be a good gamble to pit his handful of lives against the possibility of saving hundreds of others. Holding his ground, he gave fire orders to his crew and remained in position throughout the night fighting off repeated enemy attacks.

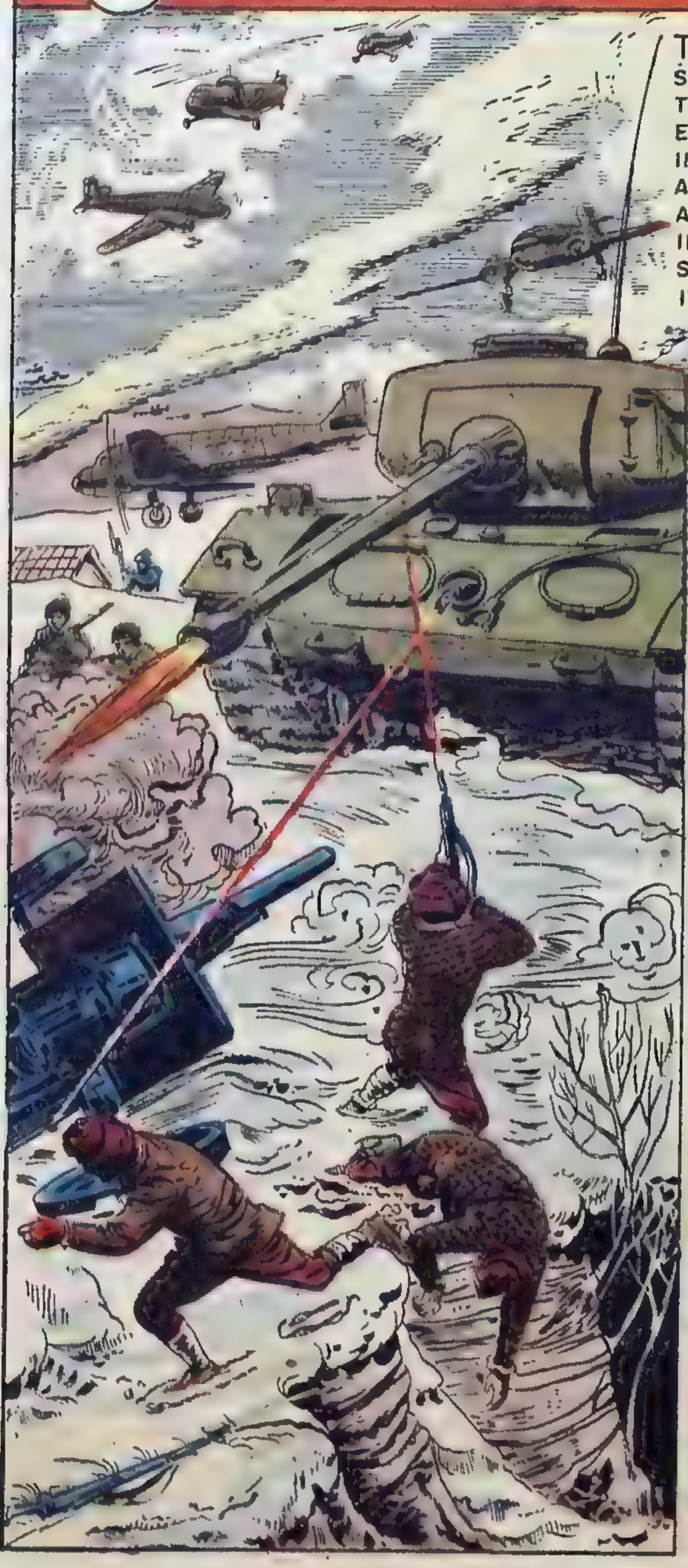
One fierce assault stands out above all the others. At approximately three o'clock in the morning the bullets drummed off the steel sides of the tank like hail off a tin roof. Sergeant Kouma suddenly realized that enemy troops had surrounded his tank, and unless something drastic were done immediately he and his crew were sure to be either captured or killed. Leaping from the armored turret he exposed himself to a wicked stream of enemy fire, manned the .50 caliber machine gun mounted on the rear deck and delivered point-blank fire into the fanatical foe. His machine gun emptied, he fired his pistol and threw grenades to keep the enemy from his tank. After more than nine hours of constant fighting and close-in combat he withdrew slowly, fighting all the way, and delivered his tank without harm into friendly territory.

No description can picture the dangers of that withdrawal through *eight full miles* of enemy territory. Sergeant Kouma continued to fire through all of the rigorous trip, inflicting casualties upon the enemy from his precarious perch atop the swaying tank. Before he had exhausted his ammunition he had succeeded in destroying three hostile machine gun nests! It was estimated afterwards that he killed an estimated two hundred and fifty North Korean soldiers during this action!

For his heroic disregard of his own safety in carrying out his duty as he saw it, his country awarded Sergeant Kouma with its highest military award, *the Congressional Medal of Honor!*

U.S. TANK COMMANDOS

DEATH TRAP!



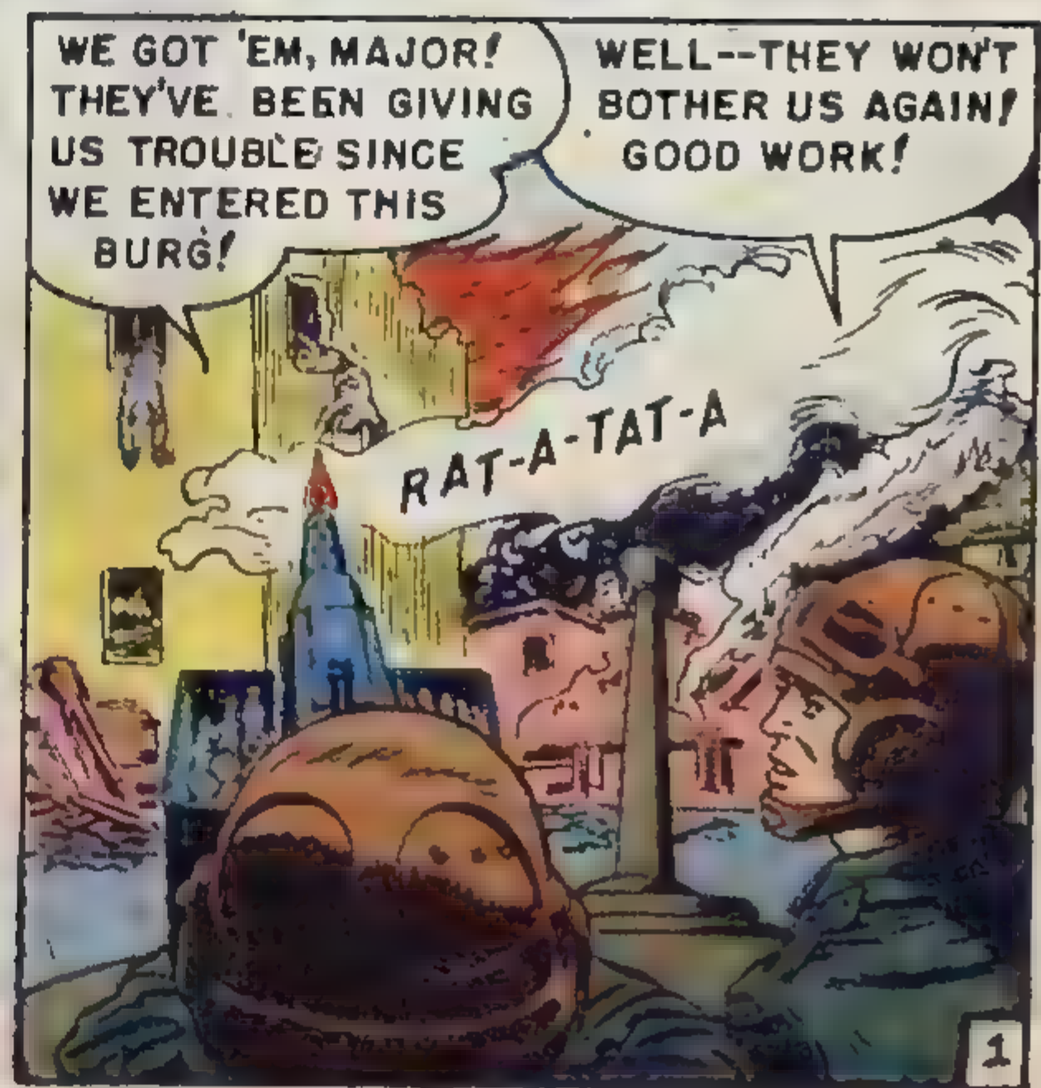
THE UN ARMIES NOW STRUCK TOWARD SINCHON, BEYOND THE HILLS THAT HAD HELD UP THEIR ADVANCE FOR SO LONG. THE TENACIOUS ENEMY, HOWEVER, YIELDED STUBBORNLY. AND INTO THIS MAN-MADE HELL RODE VIC STORM'S ARMORED UNIT, DETERMINED TO SHATTER ALMOST-INACCESSIBLE RED GUN POSITIONS IN A DO-OR-DIE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE THOUSANDS OF LIVES AT STAKE--EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT ENTERING A---

DEATH TRAP!!

A FREEZING AFTERNOON IN THE CITY OF CHANGYON ABOVE THE 38TH PARALLEL..THE ALLIES, PUSHING THROUGH THE SHATTERED STREETS, MEET WITH HEAVY ENEMY RESISTANCE...

SWIVEL YOUR GUNS TWO NOTCHES TO THE LEFT, SGT! THERE'S A CLUMP OF GUNS THERE!

RAT-A-TAT



THE FIGHTING CONTINUES WELL INTO THE NIGHT, UNTIL FINALLY ONLY MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS ARE LEFT!

WHEW! THAT'S THAT! I HOPE I CAN GET SOME REST!

AMEN TO THAT, SGT.! HELLO... THAT CONSTELLATION IS LANDING HERE. LOOKS LIKE V.I.P.'S!

VIC SOON FINDS THAT OUT AN HOUR LATER, WHEN HE STANDS BEFORE A COMBINED ARMY, MARINE, AIR FORCE AND NAVY MEETING IN THE TOWN'S PUBLIC BUILDING...

YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?

YES, MAJOR! WE NEED YOUR EXPERT OPINION HERE!

EXPLAINING BRIEFLY THE PURPOSE FOR MEETING, THE GENERAL IN CHARGE OF THE ATTACK FORCE OUTLINES THEIR FUTURE COURSE OF ACTION...

THIS WILL BE A COMBINED OPERATION, GENTLEMEN! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE SINJON IN A TOTALLY DIFFERENT BATTLE TACTIC!

COLONEL DRAKE OF THE 3RD MARINE DIVISION IS GOING TO DROP HIS MEN ON THE RED HILL POSITIONS VIA HELI-COPTER, WHILE MAJOR FULLER AND HIS SQUADRON COVER HIM IN THE AIR. CAPTAIN SEWELL WILL LAY DOWN THE INITIAL BARRAGE FROM THE SEA...

...BUT YOU, MAJOR STORM, HAVE THE MOST DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT! YOU'RE TO PROCEED WITH YOUR UNIT TO THE HILL BASES AND BLAST EVERY GUN POSITION YOU SEE HINDERING OUR ATTACK! CAN YOU DO IT, SON?

I'LL TRY MY BEST, SIR!

THAT NEXT MORNING, THE U.N. OFFENSIVE BEGINS! THE ADVANCE FROM CHANGYON TO SINJON IS A DANGEROUS ONE, AND EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY CONTAINS DEATH...

WE'RE REACHING THE HOT SPOT NOW, SIR!

GOOD! JUST ON TIME, TOO! THERE GO OUR FLYBOYS!

RAT-A-TAT

AND SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE MARINE AIR AND GROUND THRUSTS, ARE THE BIG GUNS OF THE U.S. NAVY!

BAAAAROOOM

BAAAARROOOM

OKAY, CORPORAL. SIGNAL THEM TO START THE SHINDIG!

YES, SIR! "CALLING BLUE BOYS...PROCEED AS DIRECTED...PROCEED AS DIRECTED...RED ABLE HAS REACHED ROOST!"

TWO MINUTES LATER, WHILE JETS SCREAM FURIOUSLY OVER BURNING HILL RIDGES, GLIDERS AND HELOCOPTERS SETTLE LOWER AND LOWER TOWARD THE ENEMY PEAKS...

OKAY, GYRENES! HIT THE DECK!

COME ON, SOJER BOYS! KEEP US COMPANY!

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE U.N. FORCES ARE RED GUN PLACEMENTS THAT HAVE REMAINED HIDDEN!

UGHH!

KILL THEM! DEATH TO THE CAPITALIST SWINE!

RAT-A-TAT

HOW'S IT COMING, MAJOR STORM?

WE'RE NOT DOING SO WELL! THOSE REDS CAN'T BE KNOCKED OFF BY SHELLS OR PLANES! THEY'RE DUG INTO THOSE RIDGES TOO DEEPLY! WE'LL HAVE TO WITHDRAW!

AN HOUR LATER, AT A TEMPORARY BASE FACING THE HILLS...

WE'VE FAILED, GENTLEMEN! THREE MARINE UNITS AND TWO ARMY COMBAT TEAMS HAVE BEEN LOST!

SIR...I ASK PERMISSION TO TRY TAKING THOSE POSITIONS!

ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T GRANT IT, STORM! BUT IN LIEU OF YOUR PAST PERFORMANCE...ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU HAVE EIGHT HOURS. AFTER THAT, WE'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN!

THANK YOU, SIR! OKAY, GUYS...FOLLOW ME!

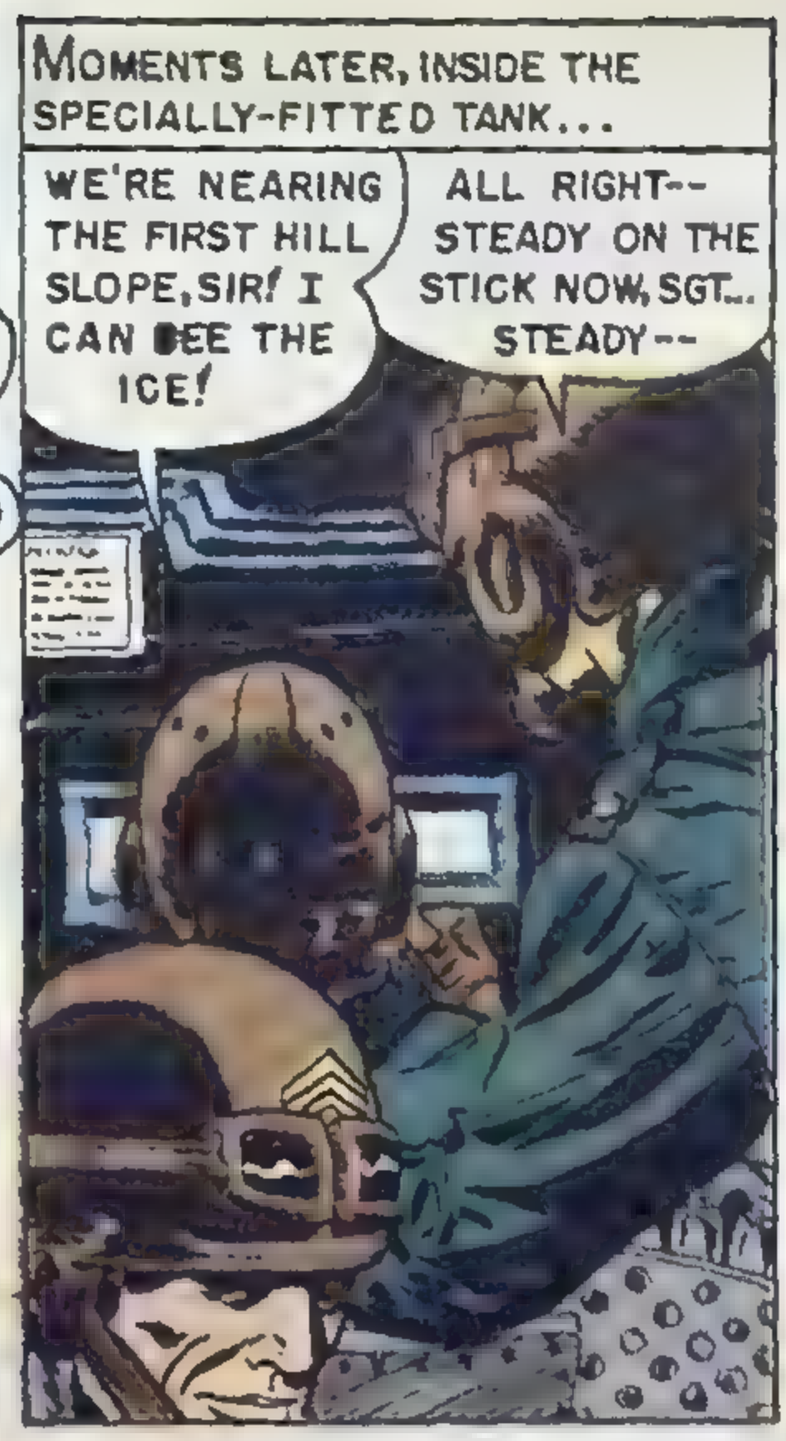
OUTLINING WHAT HE WANTS DONE, VIC AND HIS MEN SPEND THE NEXT FIVE HOURS HAMMERING OUT SPIKED TREADS IN MACHINE TENTS THEY SET UP AT THE BASE...

DO YOU THINK IT'LL WORK, MAJOR?

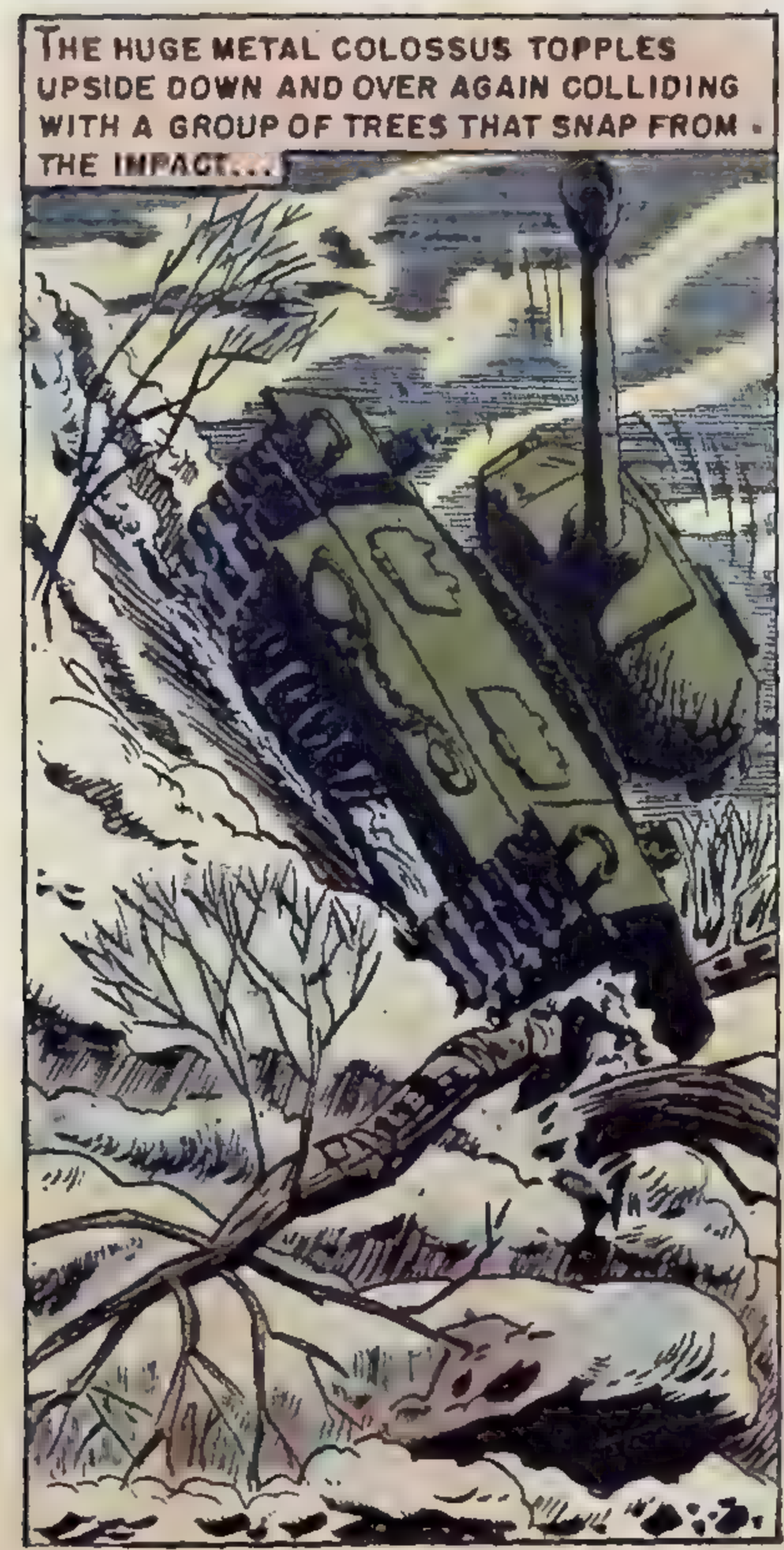
I DON'T KNOW...I HOPE IT DOES!

BANG BANG

WHEN THEY ARE FINISHED, VIC'S TANK LOOKS LIKE A MAN-MADE PORCUPINE, ITS TREADS SPIKED, CHAINED, AND REINFORCED WITH JAGGED METAL...
MAJOR--LET ME GO WITH YOU!
NO, JAKE! THREE GUYS ARE PLENTY! SO LONG!
THERE GO BRAVE MEN! GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

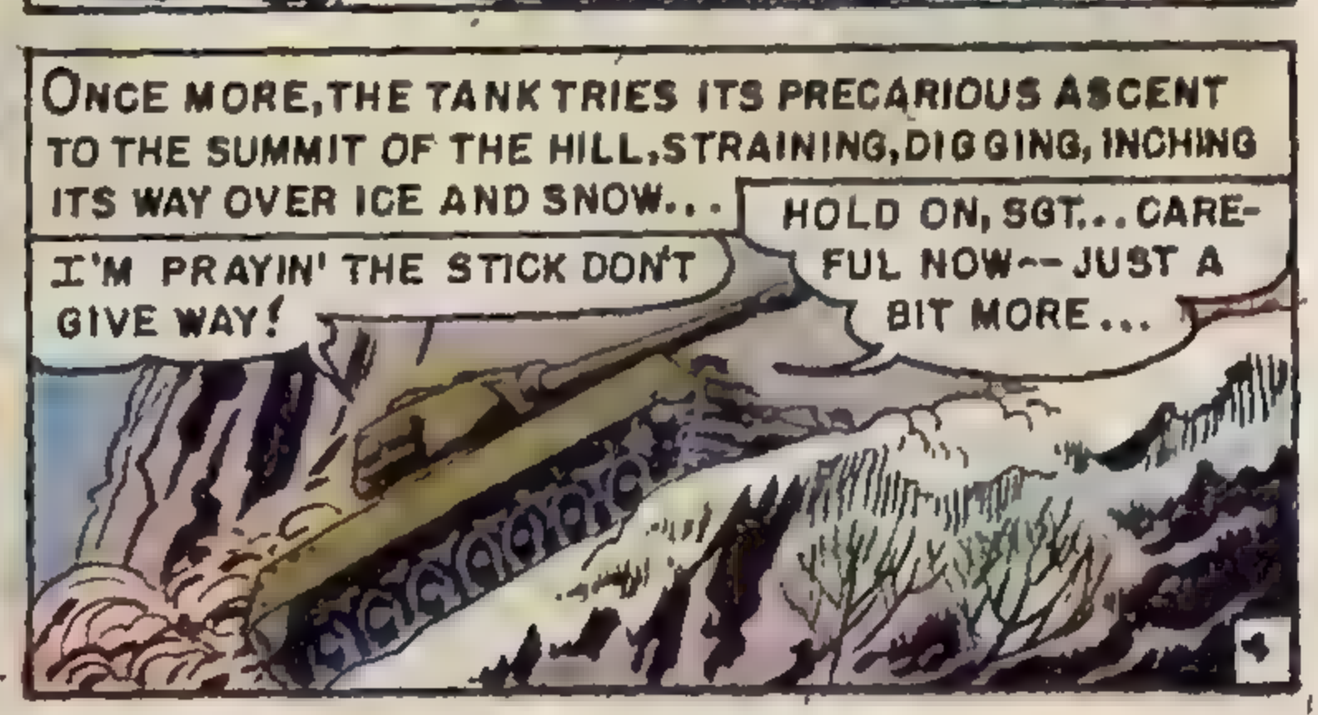

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE SPECIALLY-FITTED TANK...
WE'RE NEARING THE FIRST HILL SLOPE, SIR! I CAN SEE THE ICE!
ALL RIGHT-- STEADY ON THE STICK NOW, SGT... STEADY--

BRADY-- SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT TO THE OTHER SIDE--QUICK! WE'RE SLIDING NEAR THAT LEDGE!
IT DOESN'T HELP! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!


THE HUGE METAL COLOSSUS TOPPLES UPSIDE DOWN AND OVER AGAIN COLLIDING WITH A GROUP OF TREES THAT SNAP FROM THE IMPACT...

OOOHH...WE'RE LUCKY WE'RE ALIVE!
THOSE TREES CRADLED OUR FALL! CHECK THE GEAR BOX, BRADY! WE'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN!

EVERYTHING SEEMS OKAY, SIR!
DITTO HERE, MAJOR!
THEN LET'S GO!


ONCE MORE, THE TANK TRIES ITS PRECARIOUS ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL, STRAINING, DIGGING, INCHING ITS WAY OVER ICE AND SNOW...
I'M PRAYIN' THE STICK DON'T GIVE WAY!
HOLD ON, SGT... CAREFUL NOW-- JUST A BIT MORE...

WE MADE IT! WE'VE REACHED THE TOP!
ULP! I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!
OKAY...CUT YOUR MOTORS AND RADIO BACK TO BASE IN CODE. IF I'M NOT BACK IN TEN MINUTES... ATTACK WITHOUT ME!

INCHING HIS WAY THROUGH FROZEN BRANCHES AND SNOW-COVERED VEGETATION, MAJOR STORM SNEAKS UP BEHIND A RED GUN POSITION...
CONTACT AREA Z...WE HAVE WORD THAT THE AMERICANS WILL ATTACK NOW!
HOLY SMOKE! FIVE GUN POSITIONS!

NO WONDER WE COULDN'T TAKE THIS RIDGE! ONLY THIS ONE IS VISIBLE FROM THE AIR OR FROM BELOW...THE OTHERS ARE CAMOUFLAGED AND CONCEALED IN THOSE CRANNIES! GOOD THING WE HAVE A TANK... FOOT SOLDIERS COULDN'T EVEN MAKE A DENT HERE!

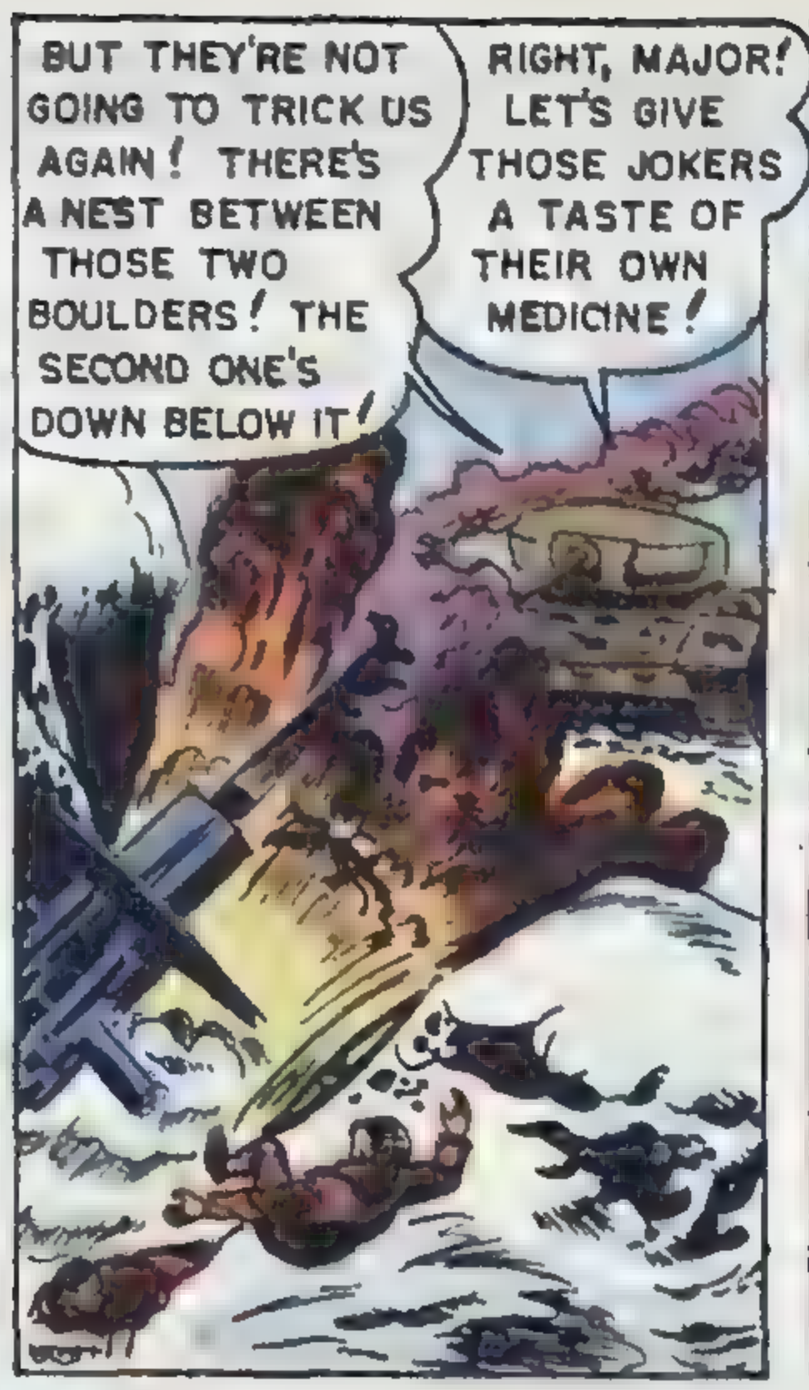
OUR TIME IS UP! THE GENERAL'S PROBABLY ALERTED OUR BOYS BY NOW! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! I'LL...
HALT, AMERICAN DOG! YOU DIE!

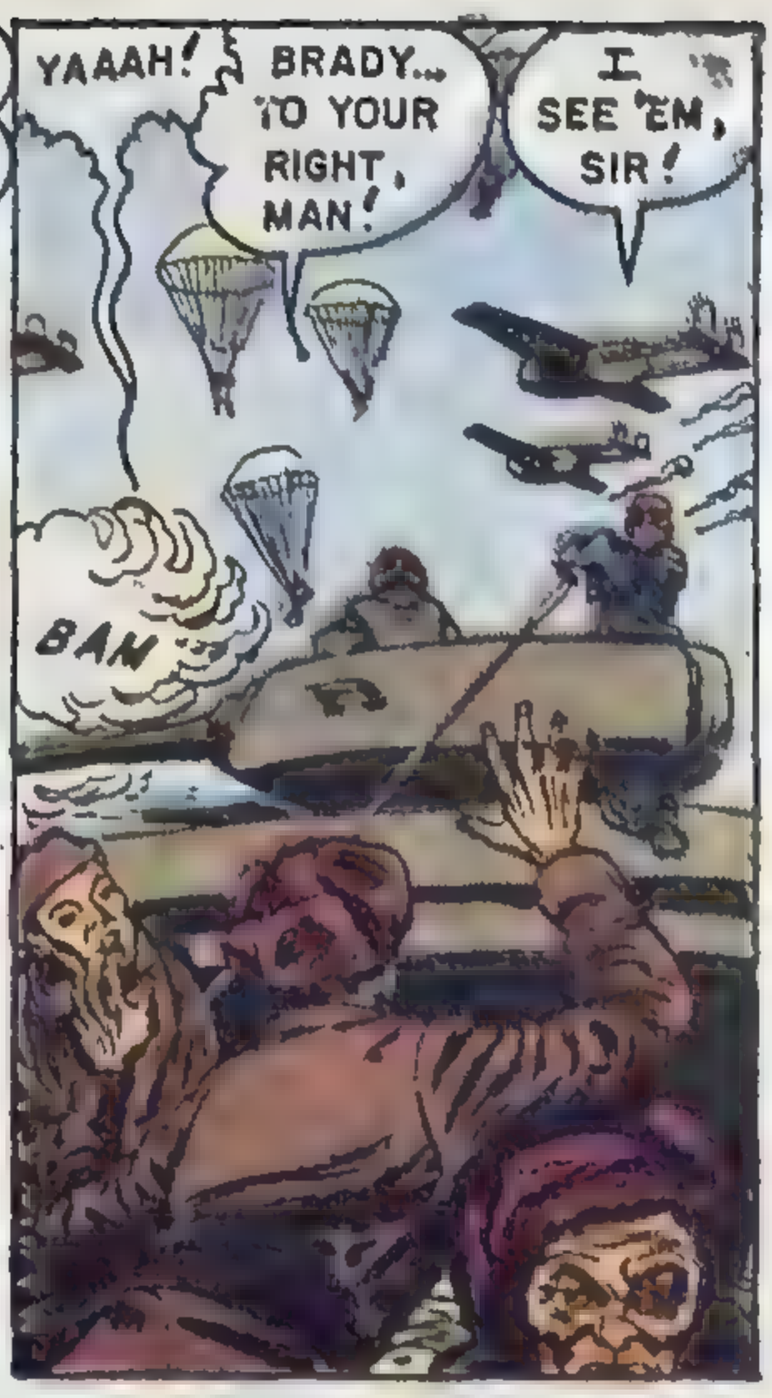
AARGH!
THINK AGAIN, CHUMP!
BAM BAM

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK! HERE COMES THE FIRST OF OUR PLANES! THEY'LL BE KNOCKED OFF UNLESS WE CAN BLAST THOSE POSITIONS FIRST!

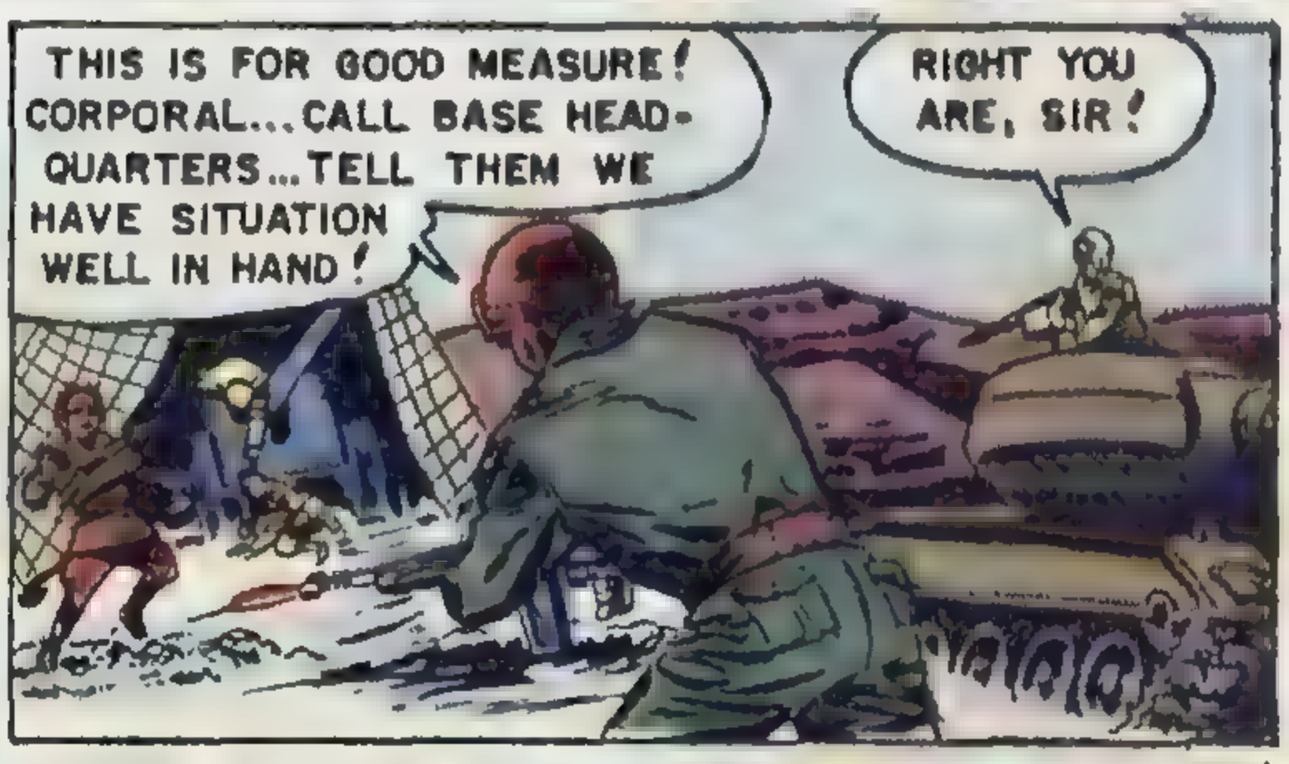
VIC RUNS AS FAST AS HIS LEGS CAN CARRY HIM IN THE FRIGID SNOW. THEN HE IS BESIDE HIS TANK SHOUTING OUT ORDERS...
WE NEARLY GAVE UP WAITING, MAJOR!
SWING THIS BABY AROUND, SGT.! HURRY! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

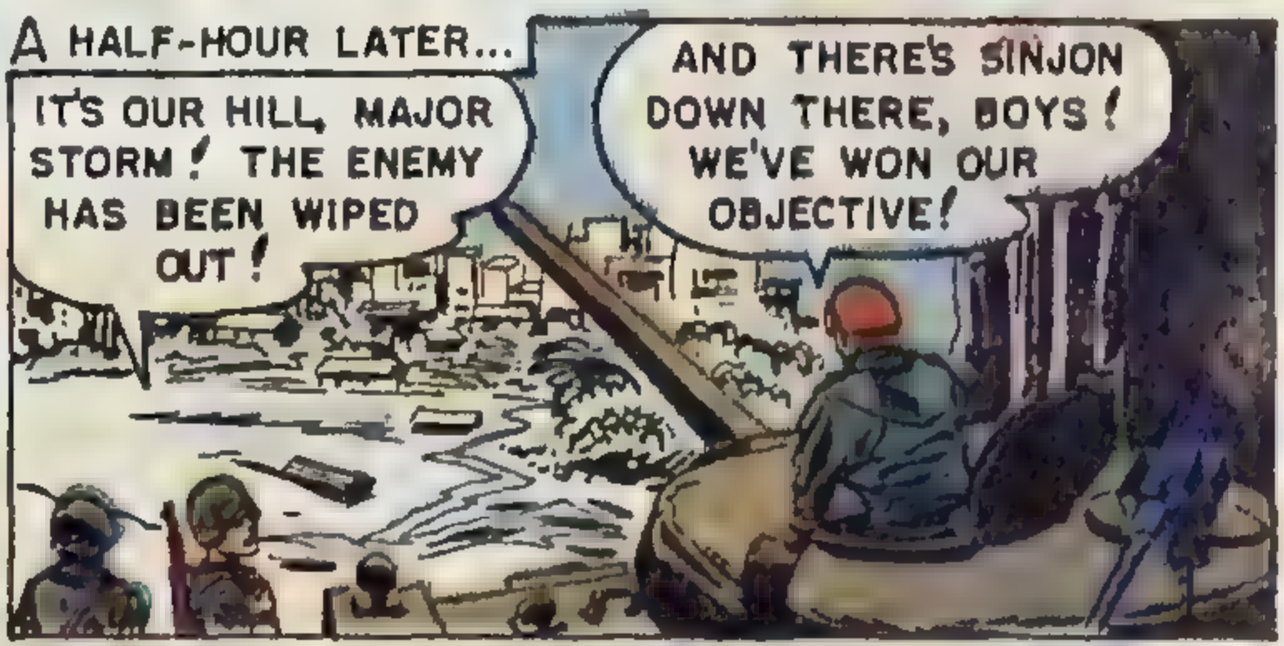
WOW! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF 'EM JUST WAITING TO PICK OFF OUR JOES!
THEY PLAYED POSSUM ALL THIS TIME, THE SHREWD RATS!


BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TRICK US AGAIN! THERE'S A NEST BETWEEN THOSE TWO BOULDERS! THE SECOND ONE'S DOWN BELOW IT!
RIGHT, MAJOR! LET'S GIVE THOSE JOKERS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!


YAAAH!
BRADY... TO YOUR RIGHT, MAN!
I SEE 'EM, SIR!
BAM

YAAHOOO! HERE COME OUR GUYS! LOOK AT 'EM!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, COMRADE? TOO HOT FOR YOU?
URRGH!


THIS IS FOR GOOD MEASURE! CORPORAL... CALL BASE HEADQUARTERS... TELL THEM WE HAVE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!


A HALF-HOUR LATER...
IT'S OUR HILL, MAJOR STORM! THE ENEMY HAS BEEN WIPED OUT!
AND THERE'S SINJON DOWN THERE, BOYS! WE'VE WON OUR OBJECTIVE!

AND STILL LATER, BACK AT THE BASE...
SHAKE, SON! THAT WAS THE FINEST BIT OF FIGHTING I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME!
DON'T THANK ME, SIR... THANK THE NAVY, MARINES, AND AIR CORPS FOR BACKING US UP...AND OF COURSE, THANK THE ENGINEERS WHO BUILD OUR TANKS!

WALKIE TALKIES

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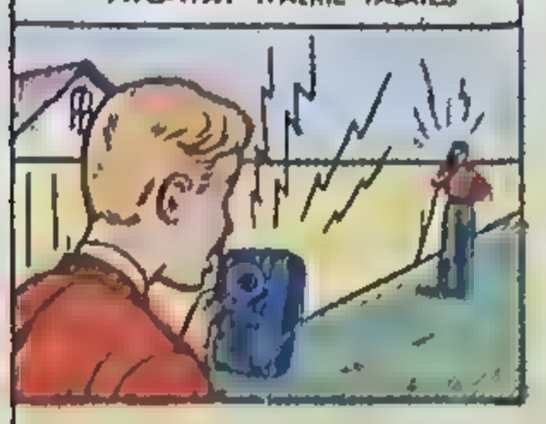
TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



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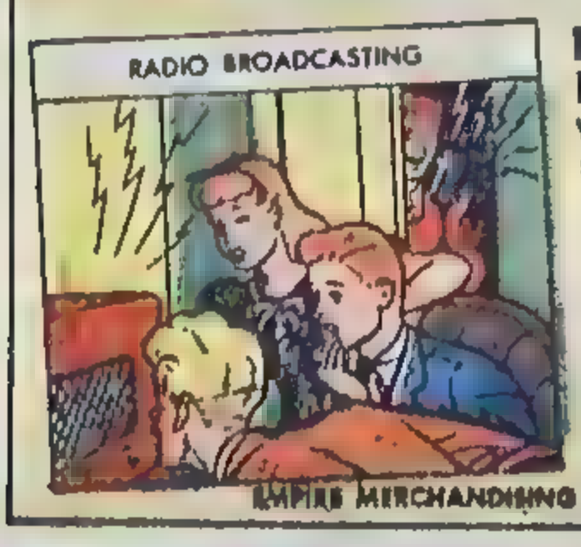

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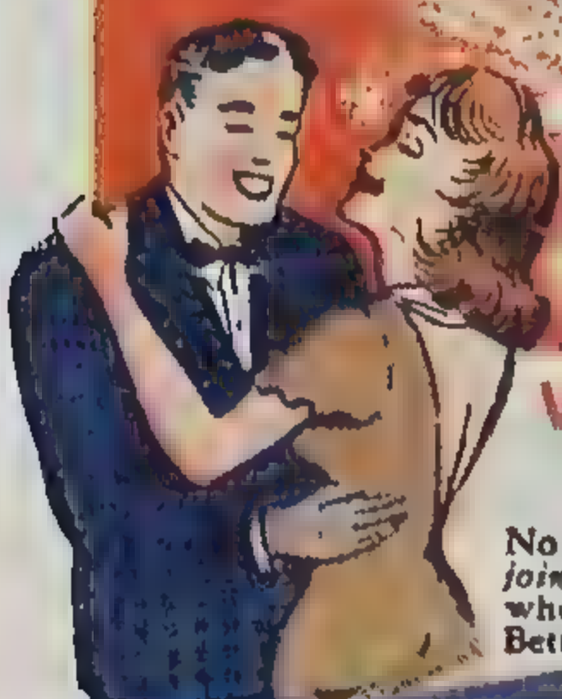

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You must be entirely satisfied and agree that this New Burgess DeLuxe Electric Sprayer is the great value we represent it to be or you can return it within 10 days for full refund. It is also factory guaranteed by the world famous Burgess Vibroscalters against defective workmanship and parts and to be quality engineered for long-life and trouble-free operation.

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☐ Enclosed is $10.95 plus 35c for postage (total $11.30). Ship Sprayer to me all postage charges prepaid.

"INCHON NIGHTMARE"

HEY, "CATS"-- HIT IT!

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN "L" COMPANY WAS ORDERED TO MOVE UP. WE WERE HALF WAY ACROSS A SHAKY PONTOON BRIDGE HEADING TOWARD INCHON WHEN IT HAPPENED. OUR CROSSING HAD BEEN PIN-POINTED BY GOOK ARTILLERY, AND I STOOD STIFF AS A STATUE AS THE SHELLS WHISTLED DOWN!

YOU CRAZY GALOOT, JERRY...

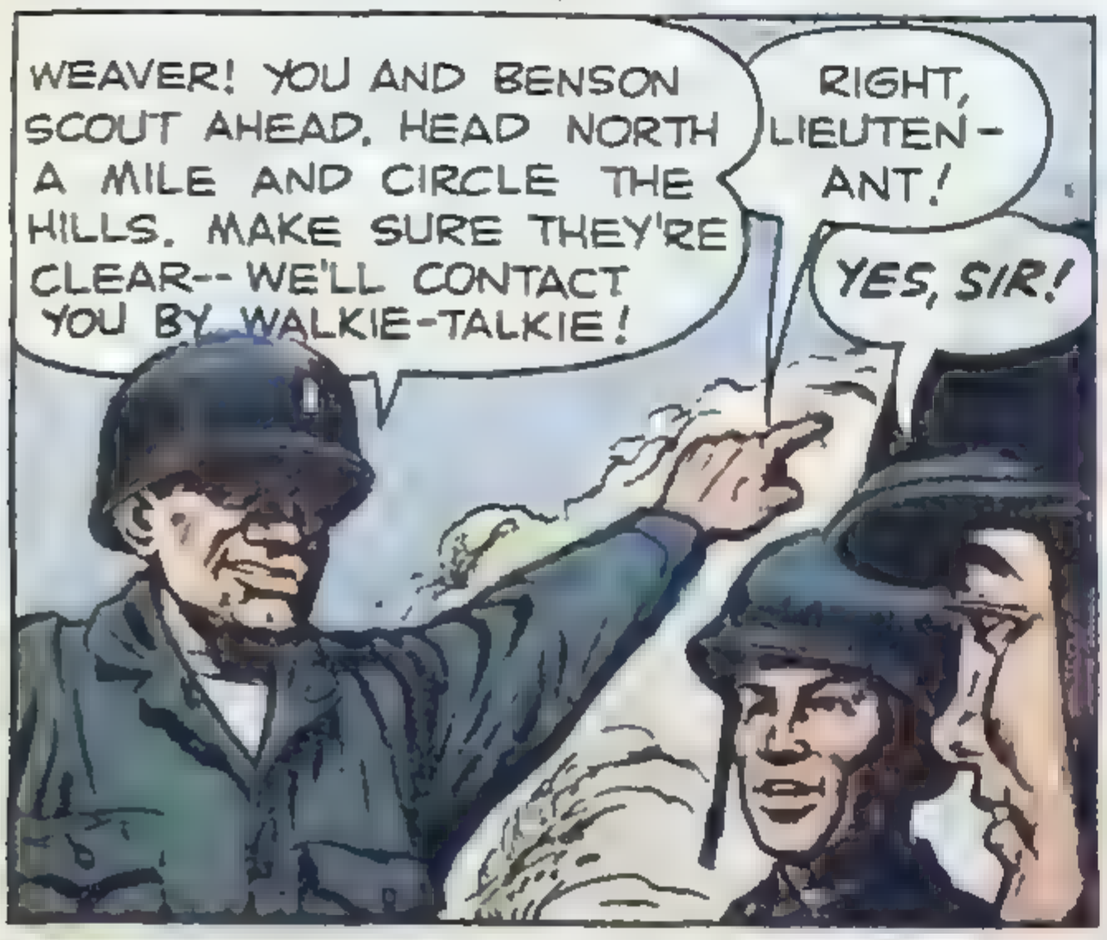
"BY THE TIME JOEY AND I HAD FLOUNDERED ASHORE, THE BARRAGE HAD LIFTED. JOEY WAS PLENTY BURNED--AND I DIDN'T BLAME HIM..."

WOW! "CATS" WEAVER-- YOU'D BETTER LEARN HOW TO SWIM OR PRAY! YOU'VE GOT AS MANY LIVES AS YOUR NICKNAME!

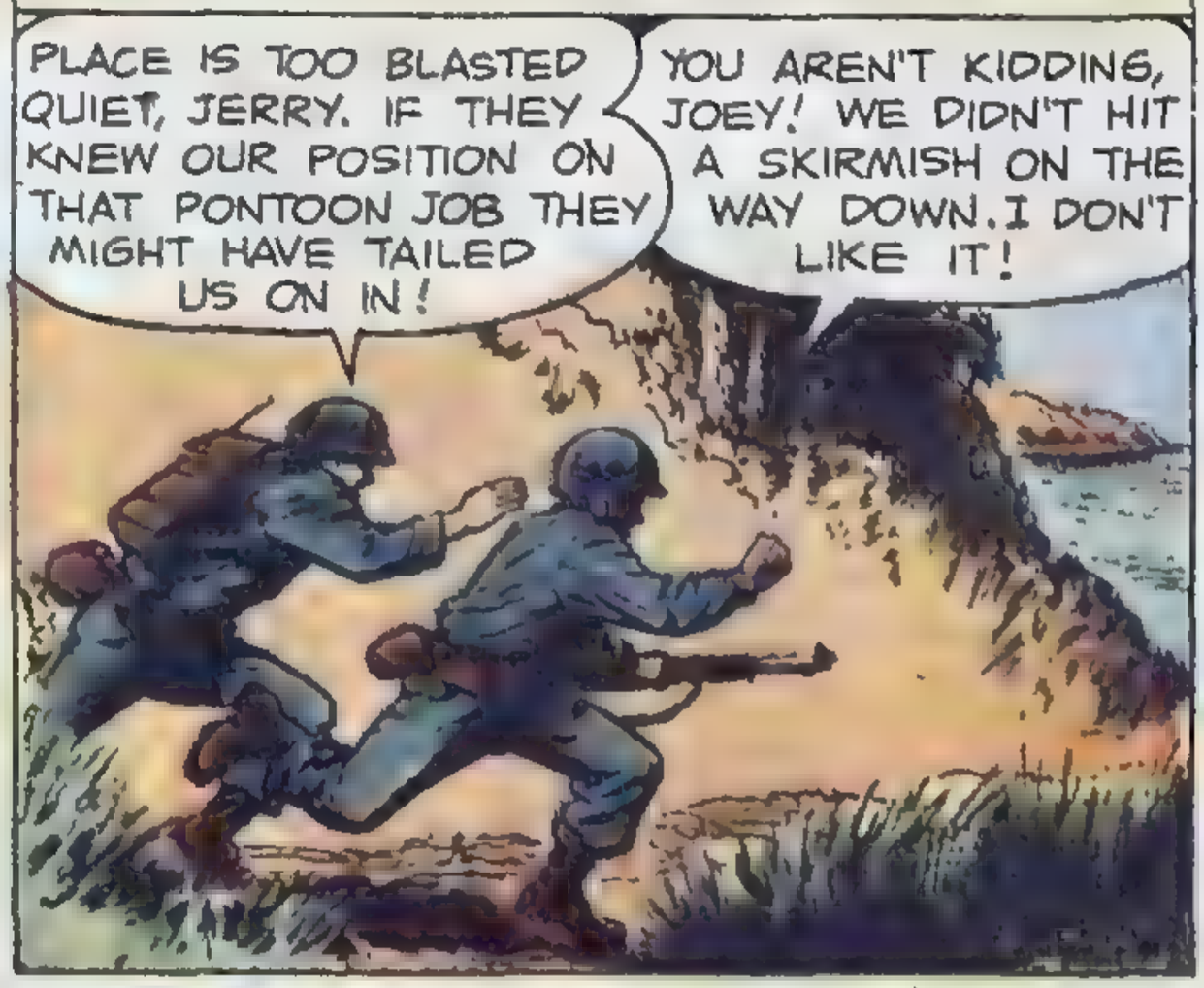
HE'S RIGHT, JERRY. AH DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU SO ALL-FIRED 'FRAID OF THE WATER, BUT YOU SURE GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT!

YEAH...SURE, JOEY. THANKS!

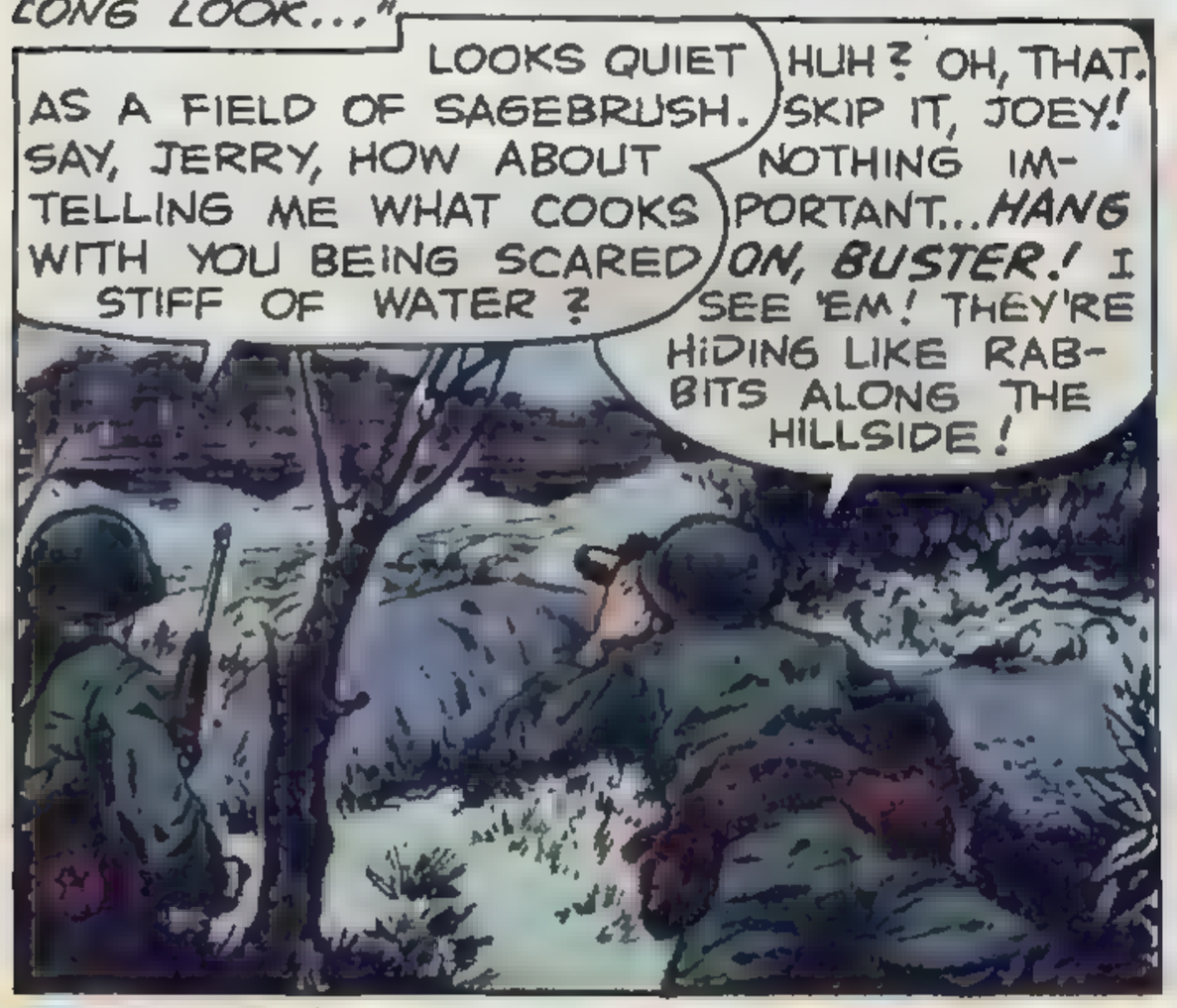
"AFTER THAT, WE PLOWED ON TOWARD INCHON AGAIN. EIGHT MILES LATER WE HIT A SLOPE AND LIEUTENANT BALDI BARKED OUT ORDERS..."



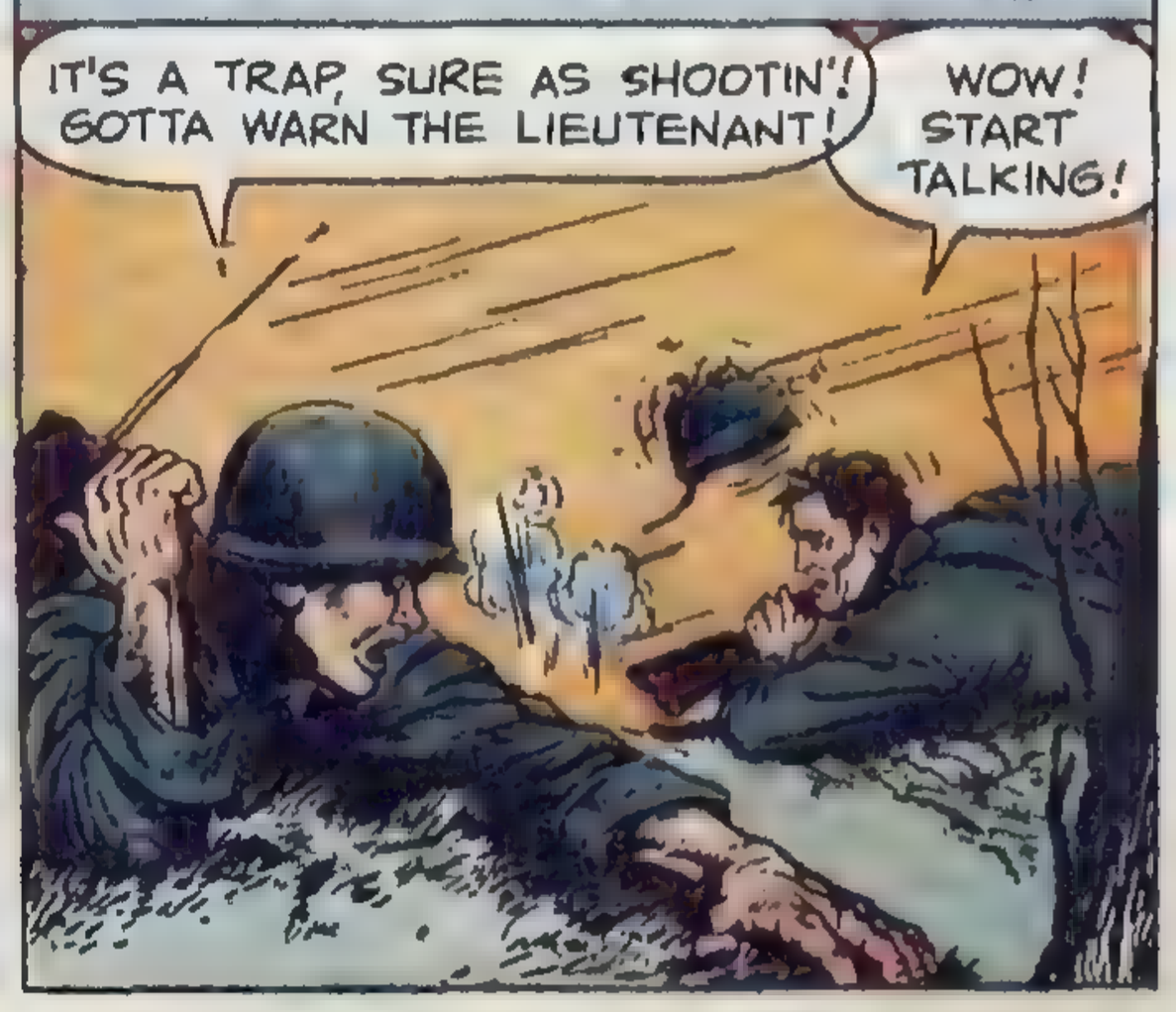
"JOEY AND I SCOOTED AROUND THE HILL LIKE A COUPLE OF LEAD-FOOTED INDIANS..."



"ATOP A BRUSH-COVERED RIDGE OVERLOOKING KANGHA BAY WE NESTLED DOWN FOR A LONG LOOK..."

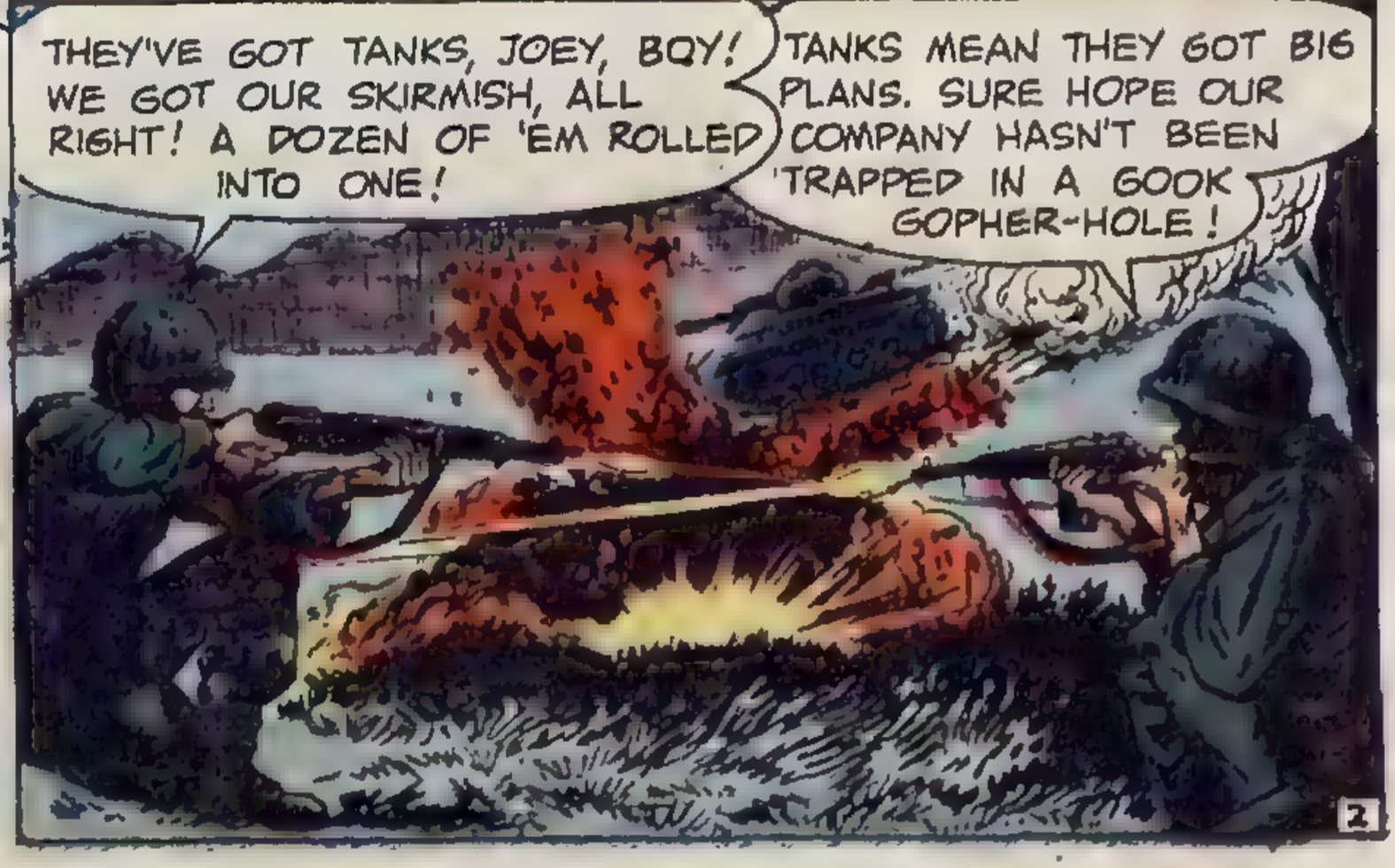


"SUDDENLY, THE LID BLEW OFF. THE ENEMY HAD SPOTTED US AND LET FLY..."

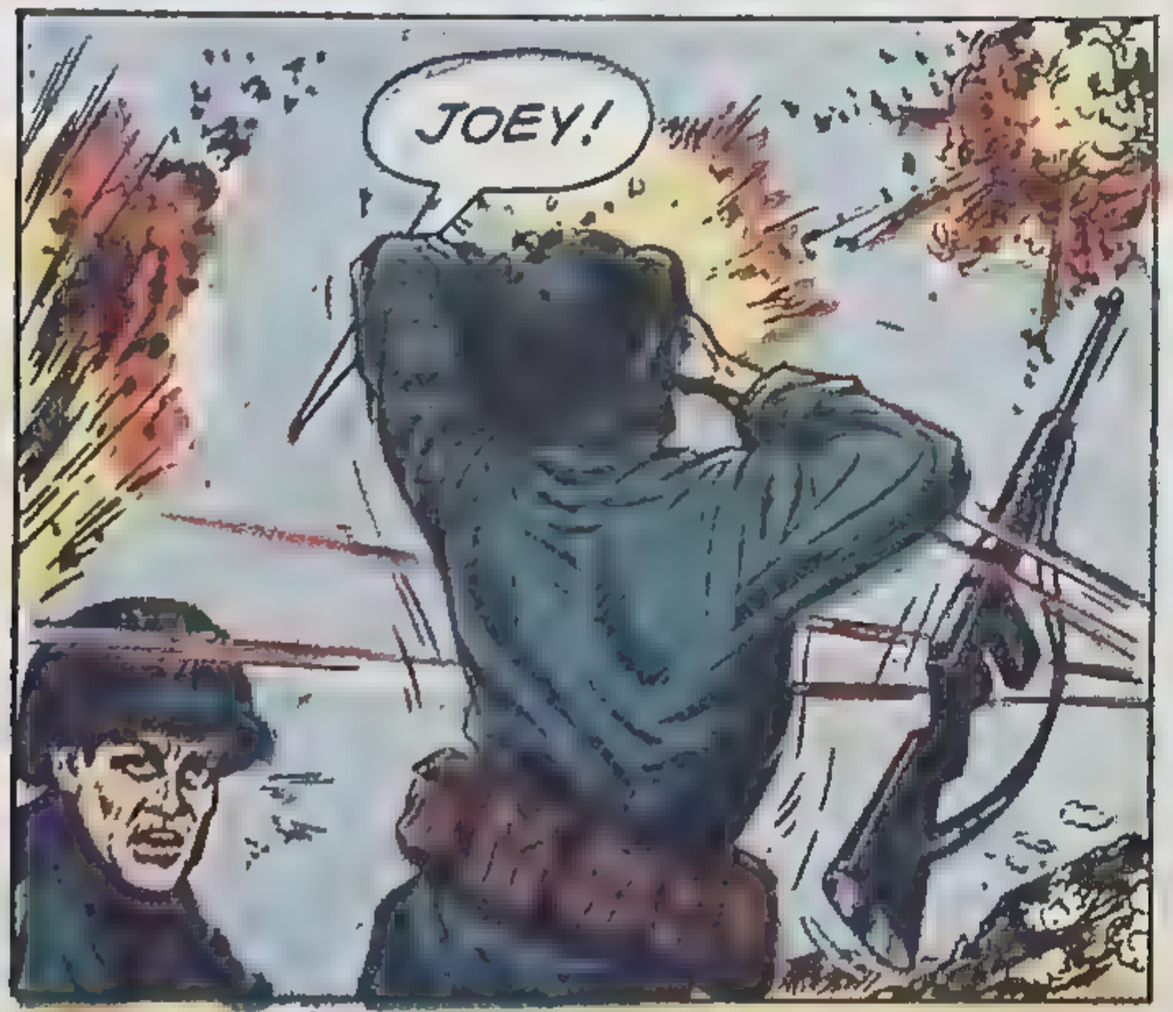


"AS JOEY BLURTED OUT THE SAD NEWS, I PUT UP A FEEBLE DEFENSE WITH SEVEN FAST ROUNDS FROM MY M1..."

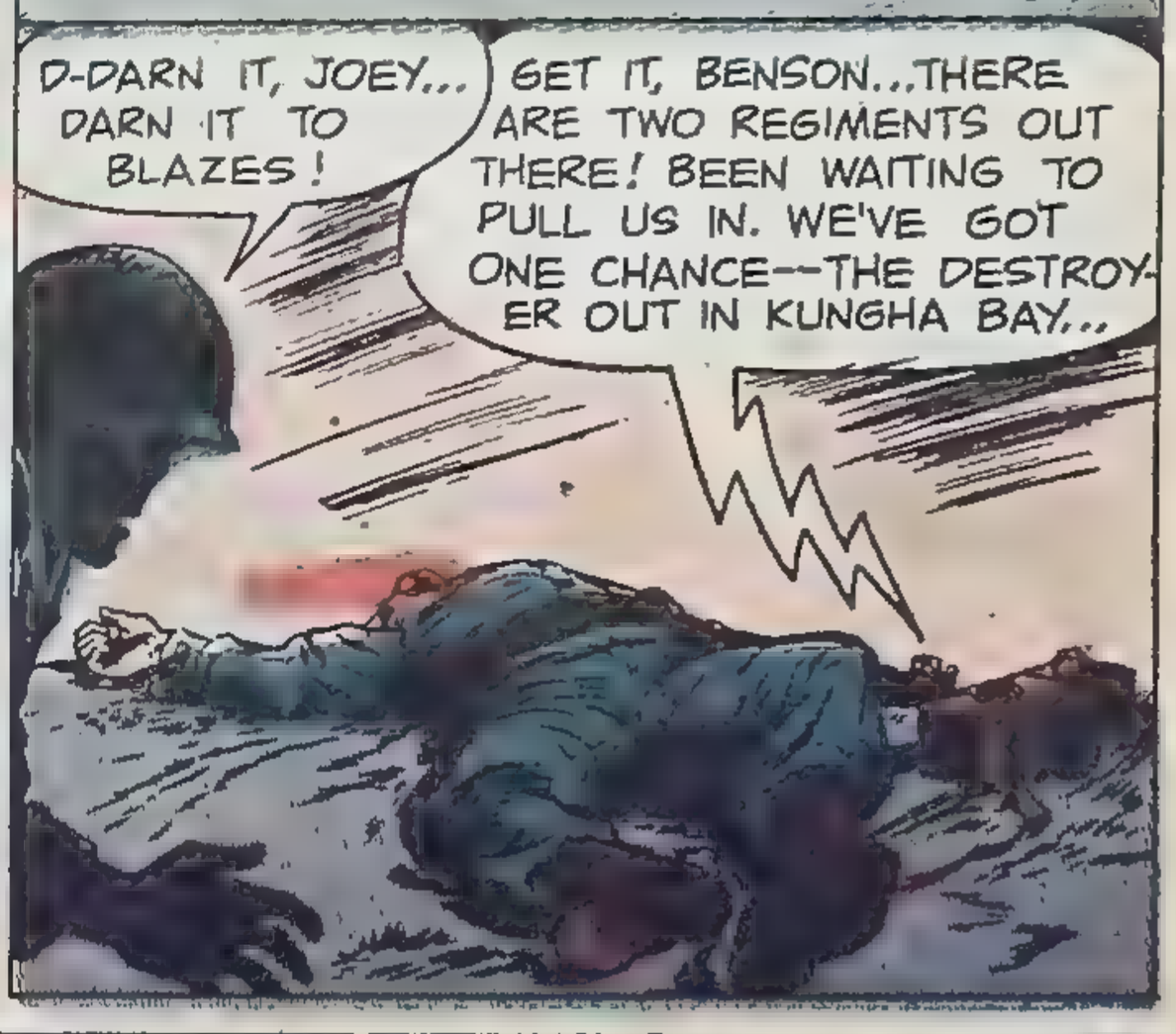
"WE WERE CUT OFF NEATLY FROM OUR COMPANY. BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ENEMY DIDN'T RUSH US. SUDDENLY, I SAW THE UGLY SNOUT OF A NORTH KOREAN TANK..."



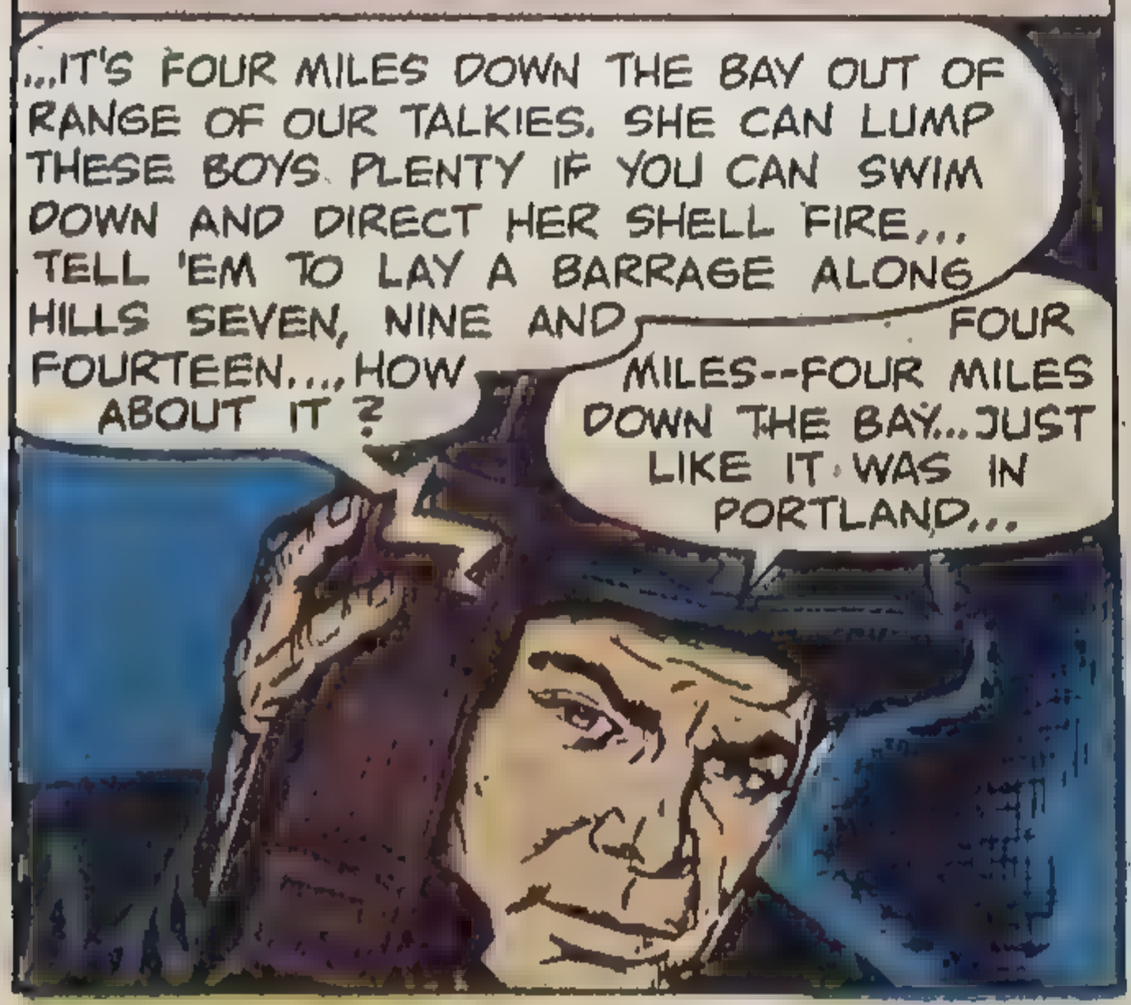
"HOT LEAD ZINGED PAST MY RIGHT EAR. I ALMOST WISHED IT HAD HIT ME WHEN I SAW IT HIT HOME."

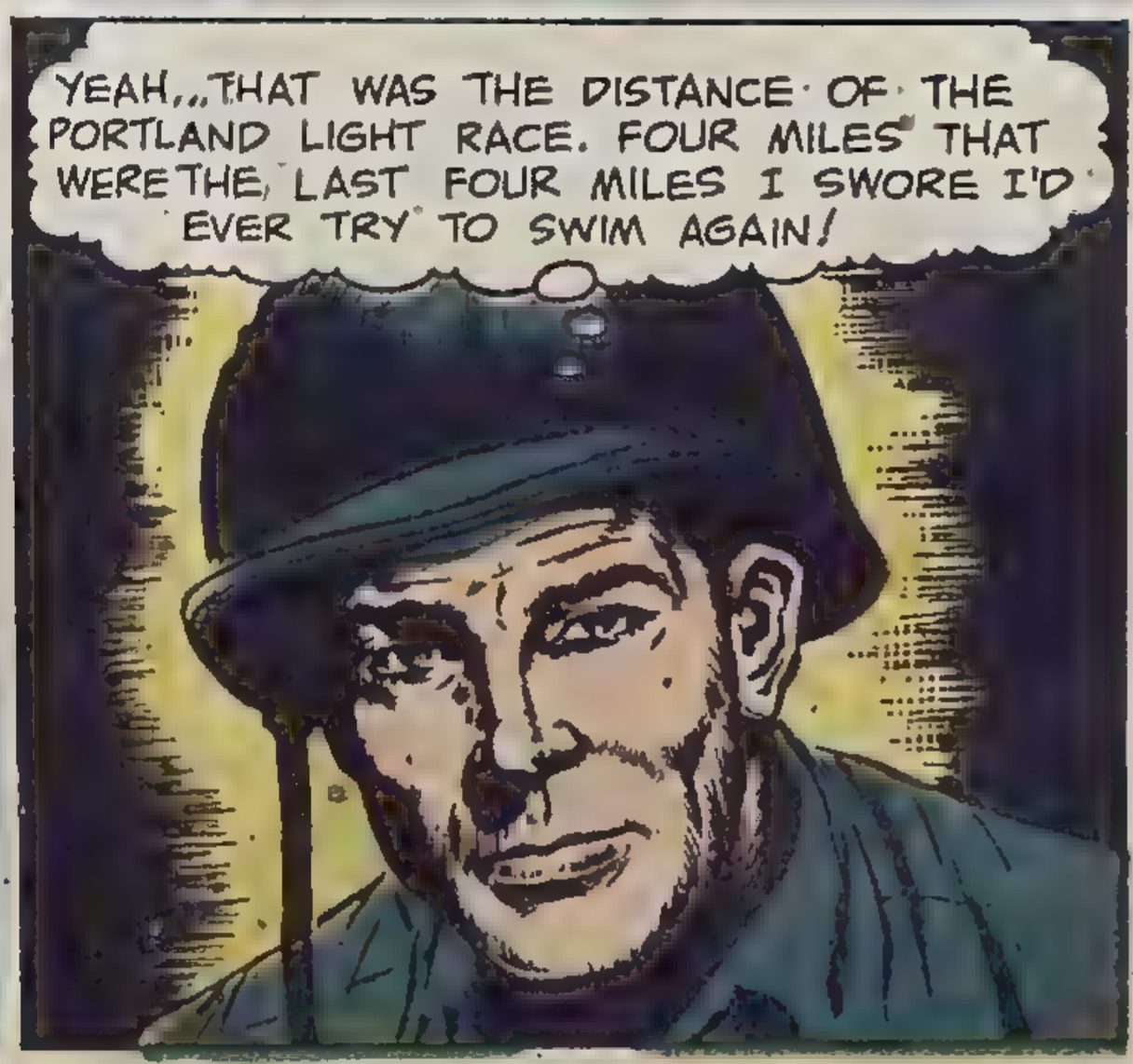


"AS I BENT OVER JOEY THE TALKIE KEPT BARKING--CRAZY THINGS THAT I HARDLY HEARD."

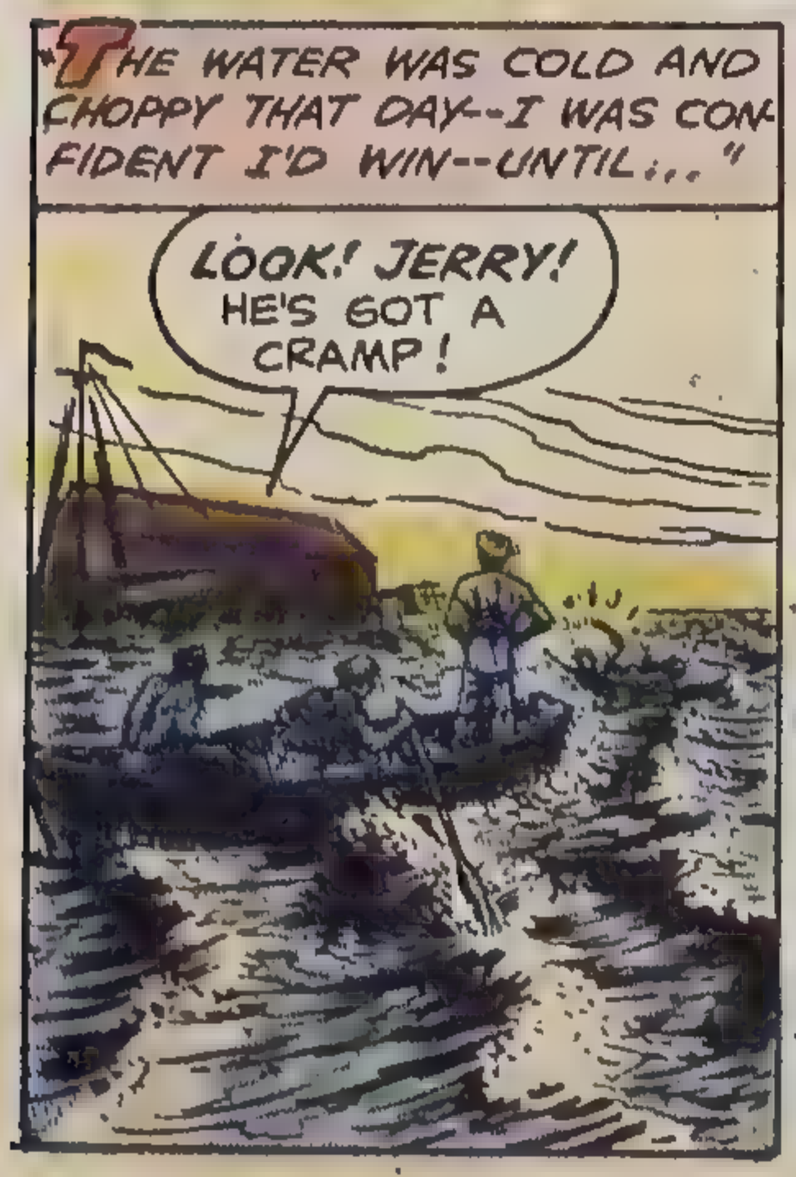


"WHEN I DID MAKE SENSE OUT OF THE SQUAWK BOX I WISHED I HADN'T..."





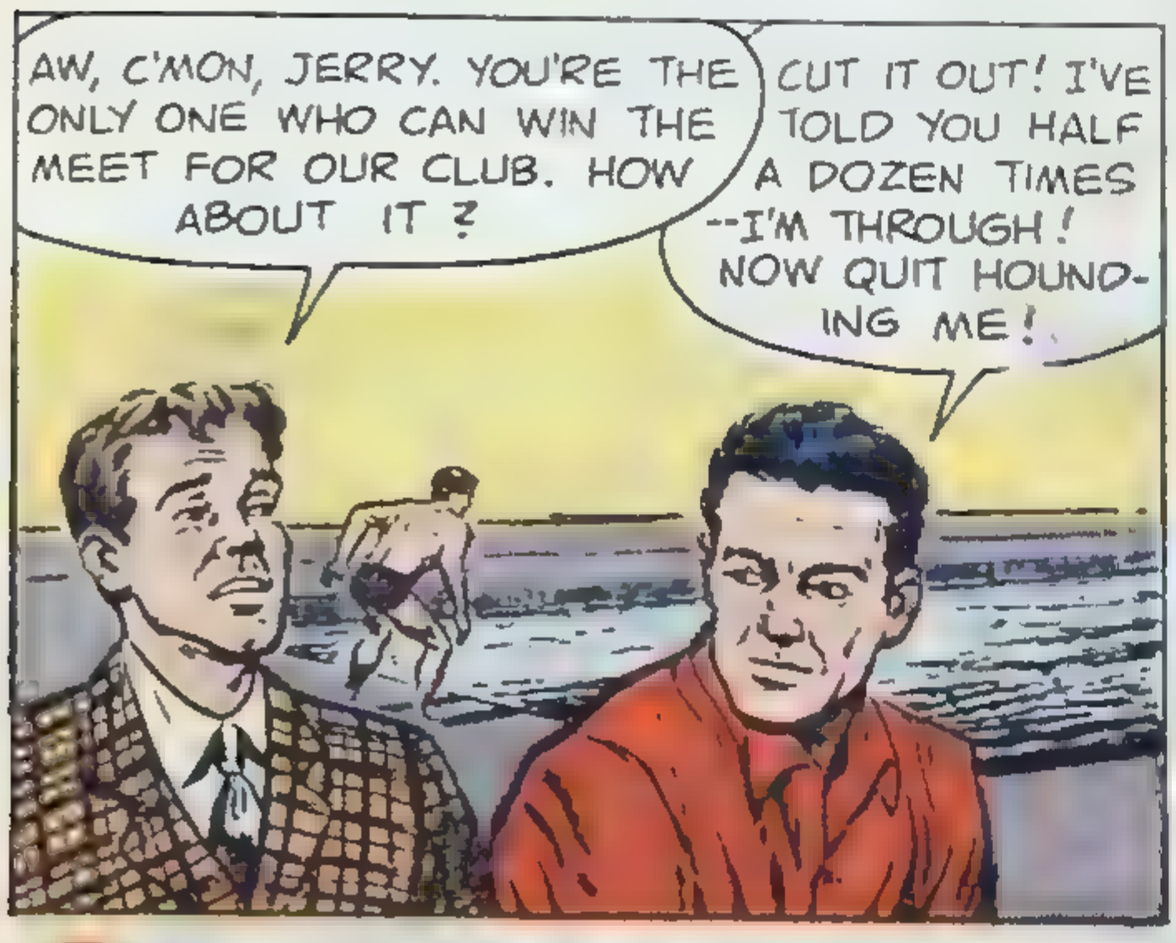
"THE WATER WAS COLD AND CHOPPY THAT DAY--I WAS CONFIDENT I'D WIN--UNTIL..."



"A HUNDRED AGONIES TORE AT ME AS I SLID UNDER THE WATER. SUDDENLY, THE WORLD WAS FULL OF MUSIC AND PEACE..."

"BY A MIRACLE THE BEST DIVER IN MAINE WAS IN MY ESCORT BOAT. HE GOT ME UP ALIVE..."

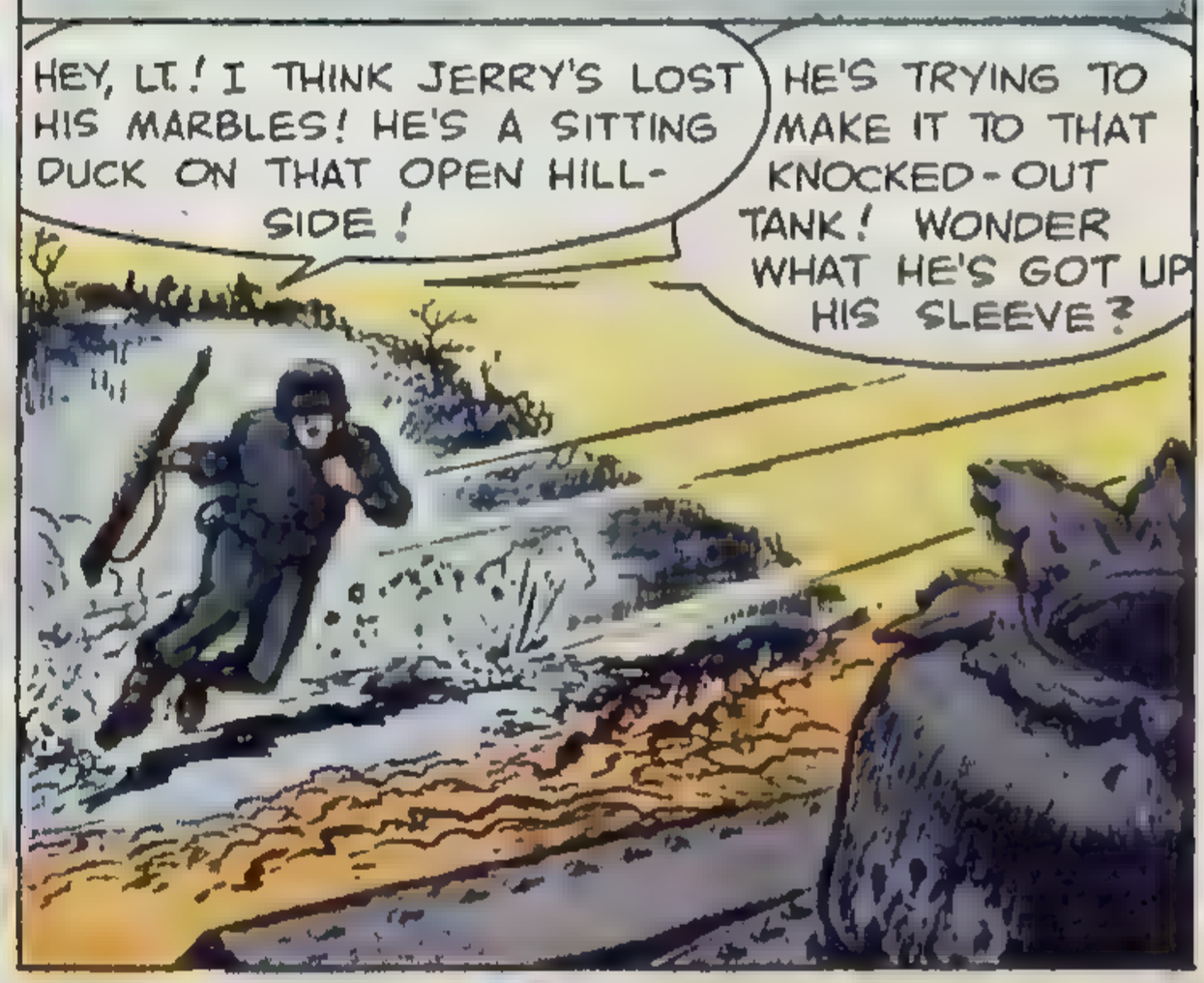
"IT WAS ABOUT AS OKAY AS A HARPOONED WHALE. I TRIED TO ENTER A COUPLE OF RACES AFTER THAT BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS THAT ICY OCEAN WAITING TO CLAIM ME FOR KEEPS."



"LT. BALDI'S VOICE BOOMED THROUGH THE EAR-PIECE. I FORGOT THE PAST--SNATCHED THE WALKIE-TALKIE AND BLURTED OUT A REPLY..."

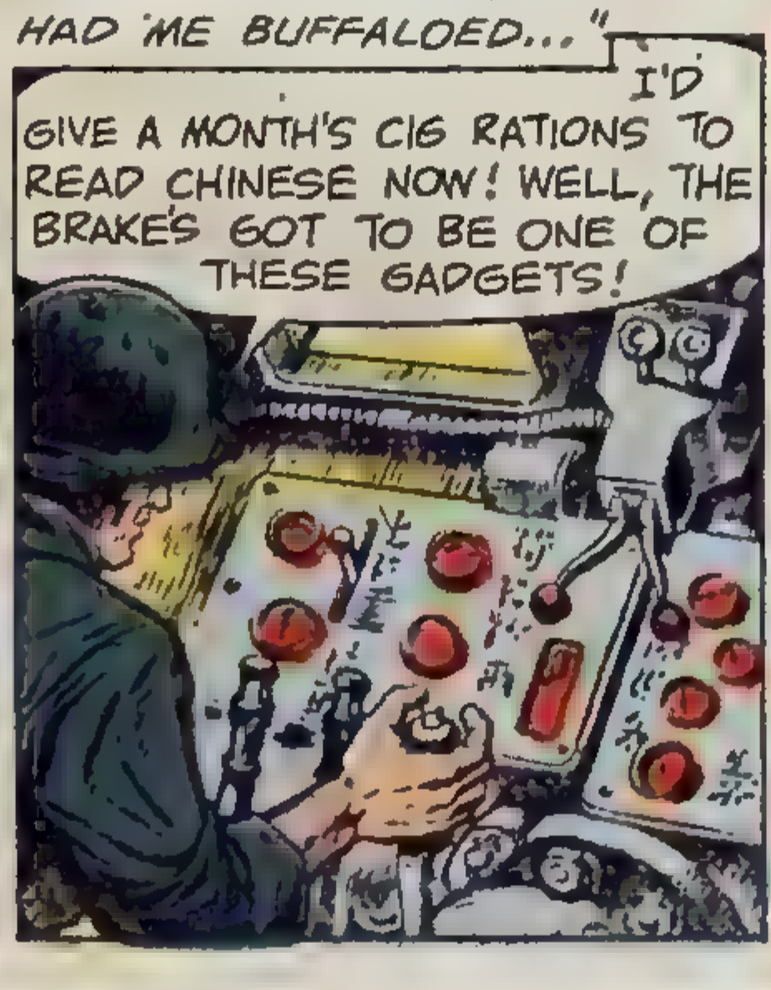
"I WAS ABOUT READY TO TAKE OFF WHEN A GANG OF GOOKS CHANGED MY PLANS..."

"A MOMENT LATER, THE GUYS IN "L" COMPANY THOUGHT I'D SNAPPED MY BUTTONS..."

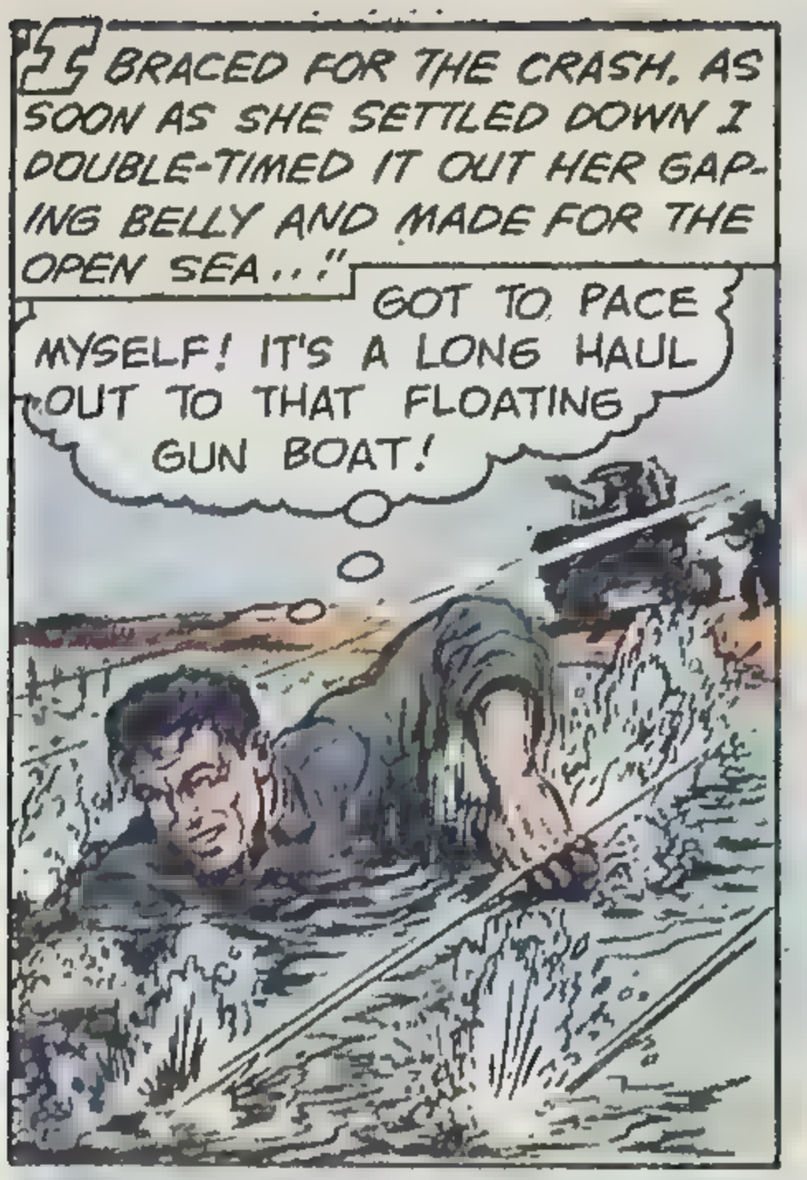


"I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE A CHUNK OF GOOK IRON IN ALL MY LIFE. A BAZOOKA SHELL HAD BLASTED OUT HER SIDE..."

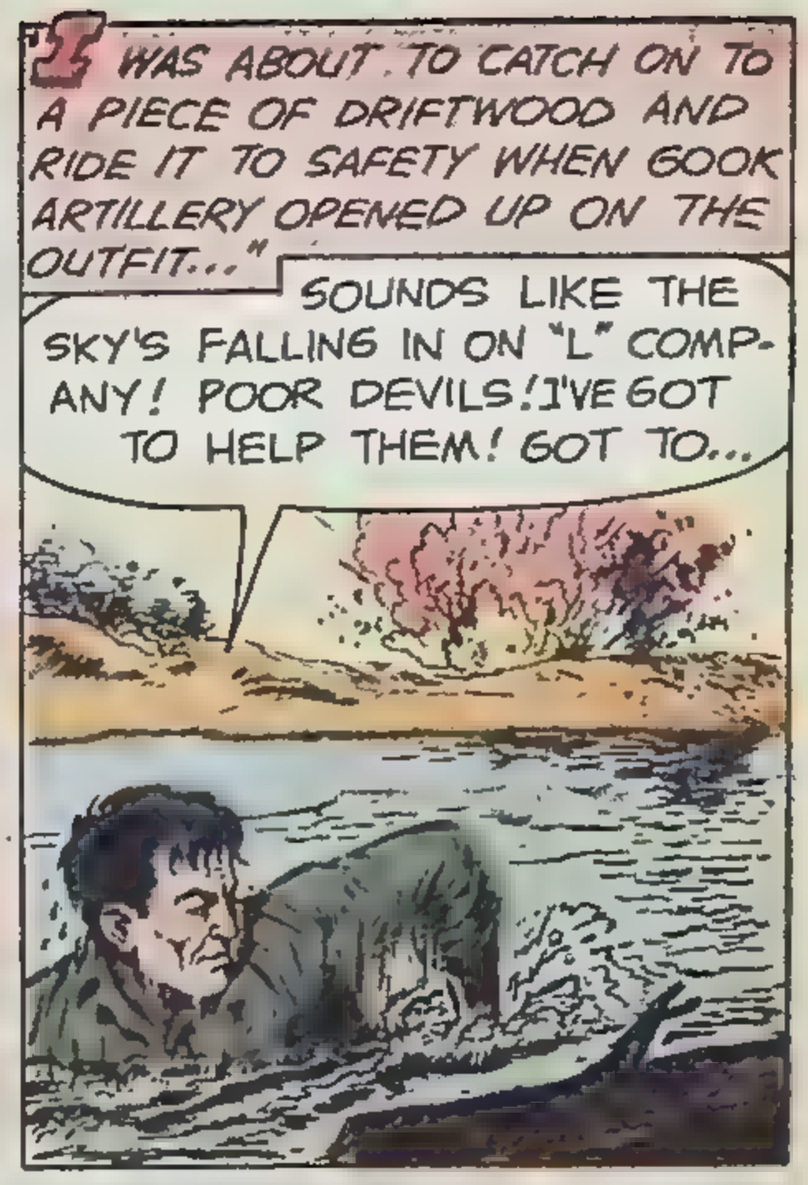
"I'D NEVER BEEN IN A TANK BE-FORE--MUCH LESS A RED JOB! I WAS TRYING TO LOCATE THE BRAKE BUT THE CONTROL PANEL HAD ME BUFFALOED..."

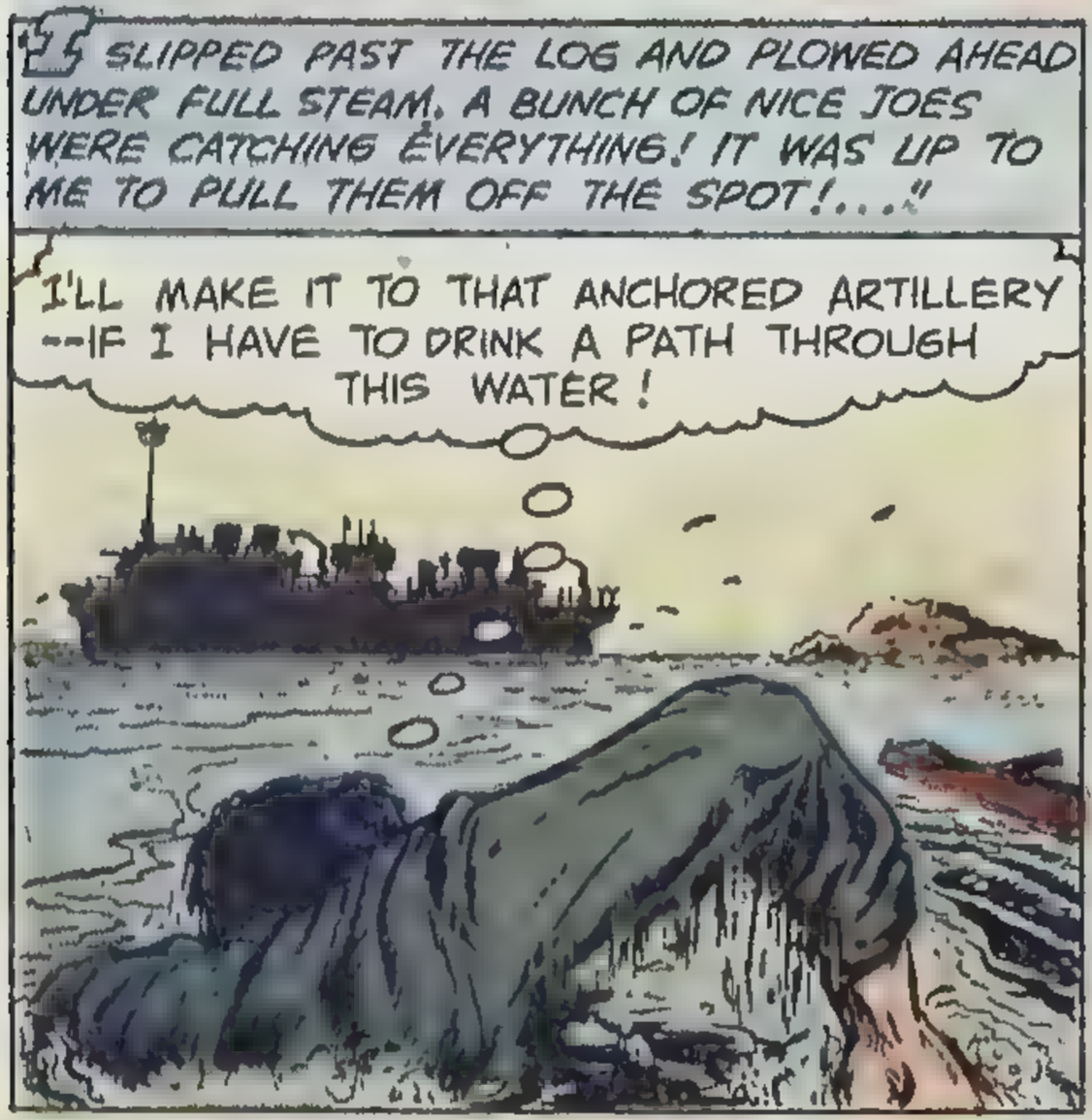


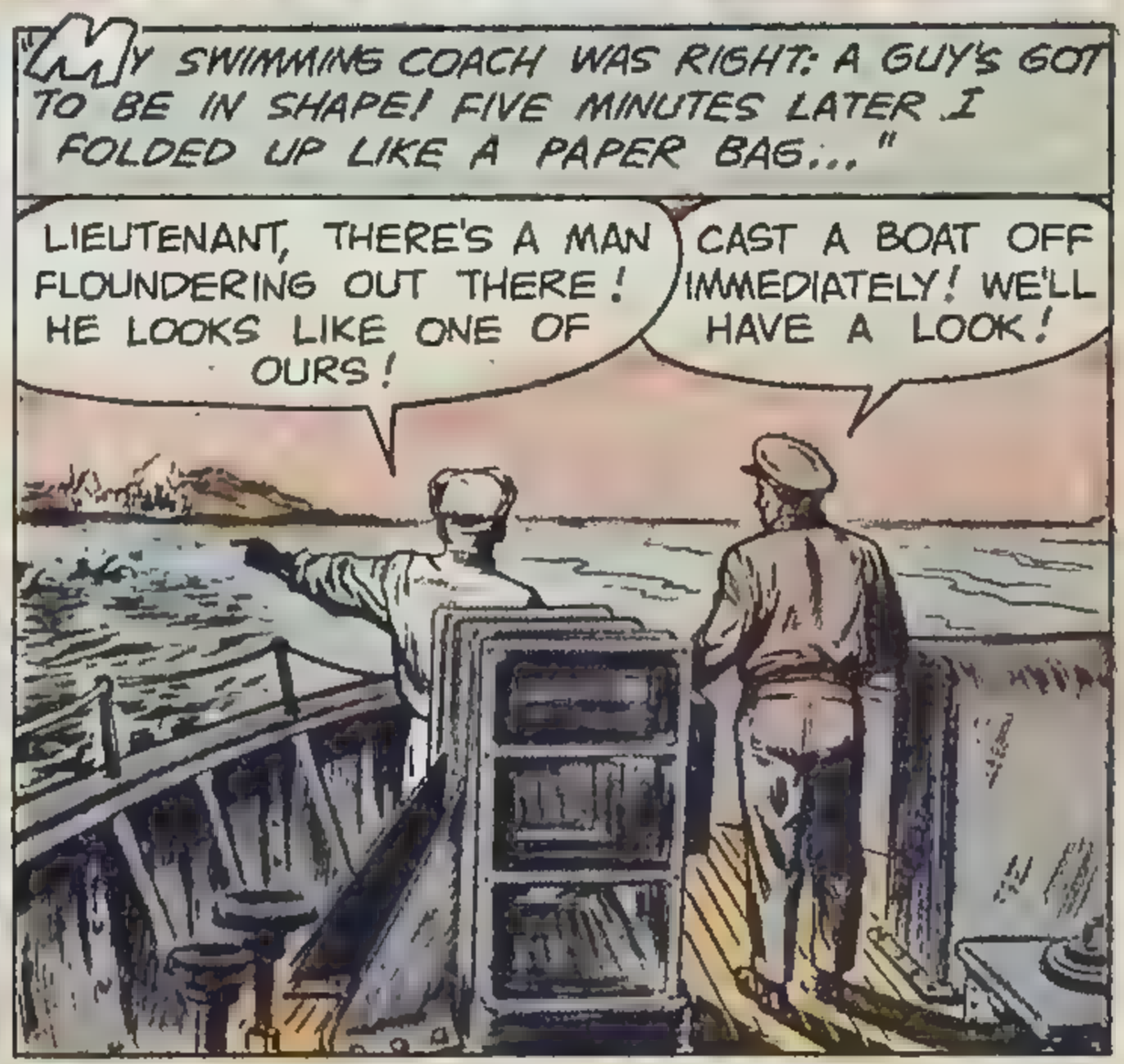
"TEN MINUTES LATER I HIT THE JACKPOT. THE N.K. TANK AND ALL HER 30 TONS PLUNGED DOWN THE KOREAN HILLSIDE..."

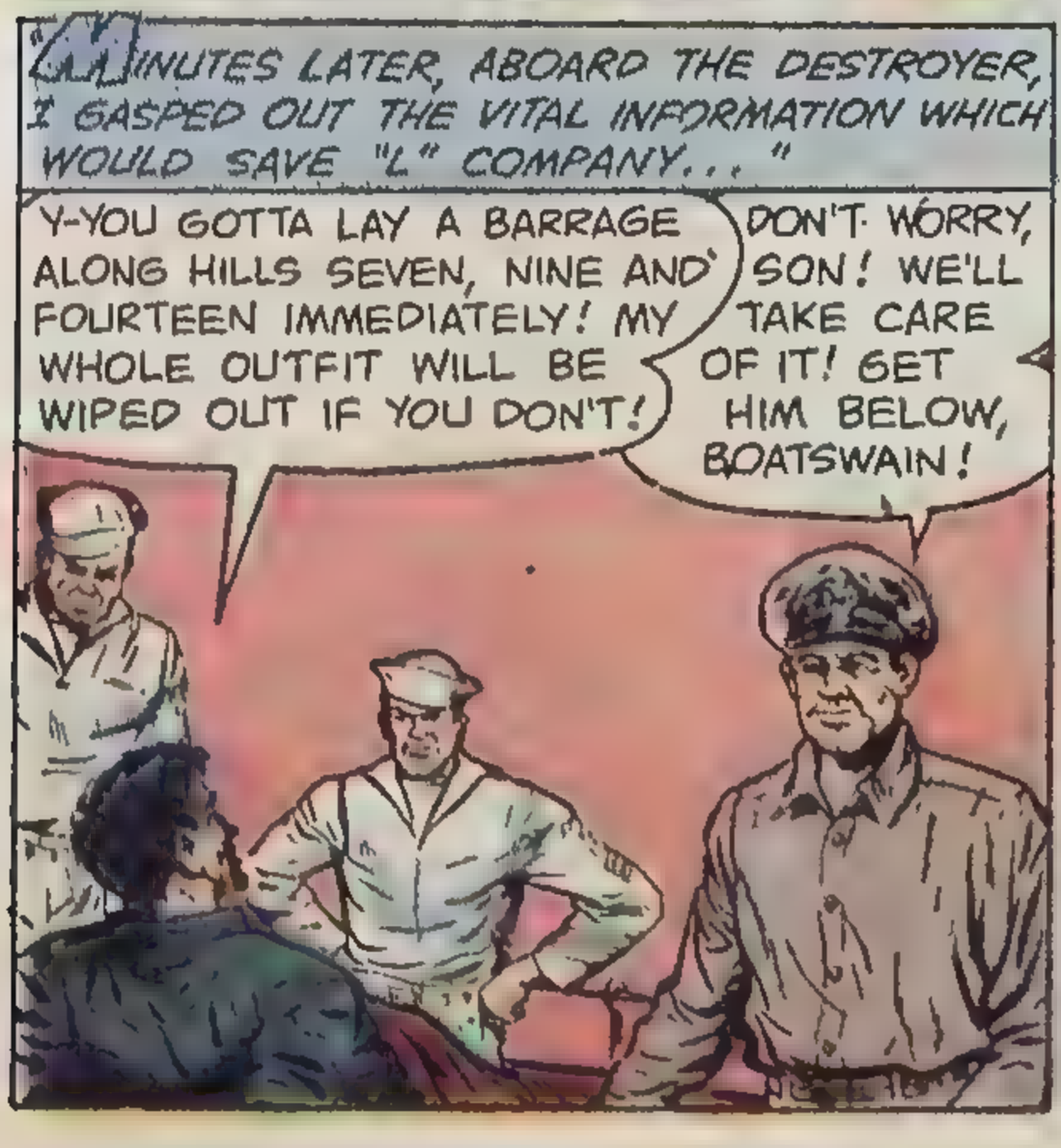

"I BRACED FOR THE CRASH. AS SOON AS SHE SETTLED DOWN I DOUBLE-TIMED IT OUT HER GAPING BELLY AND MADE FOR THE OPEN SEA..."
GOT TO PACE MYSELF! IT'S A LONG HAUL OUT TO THAT FLOATING GUN BOAT!

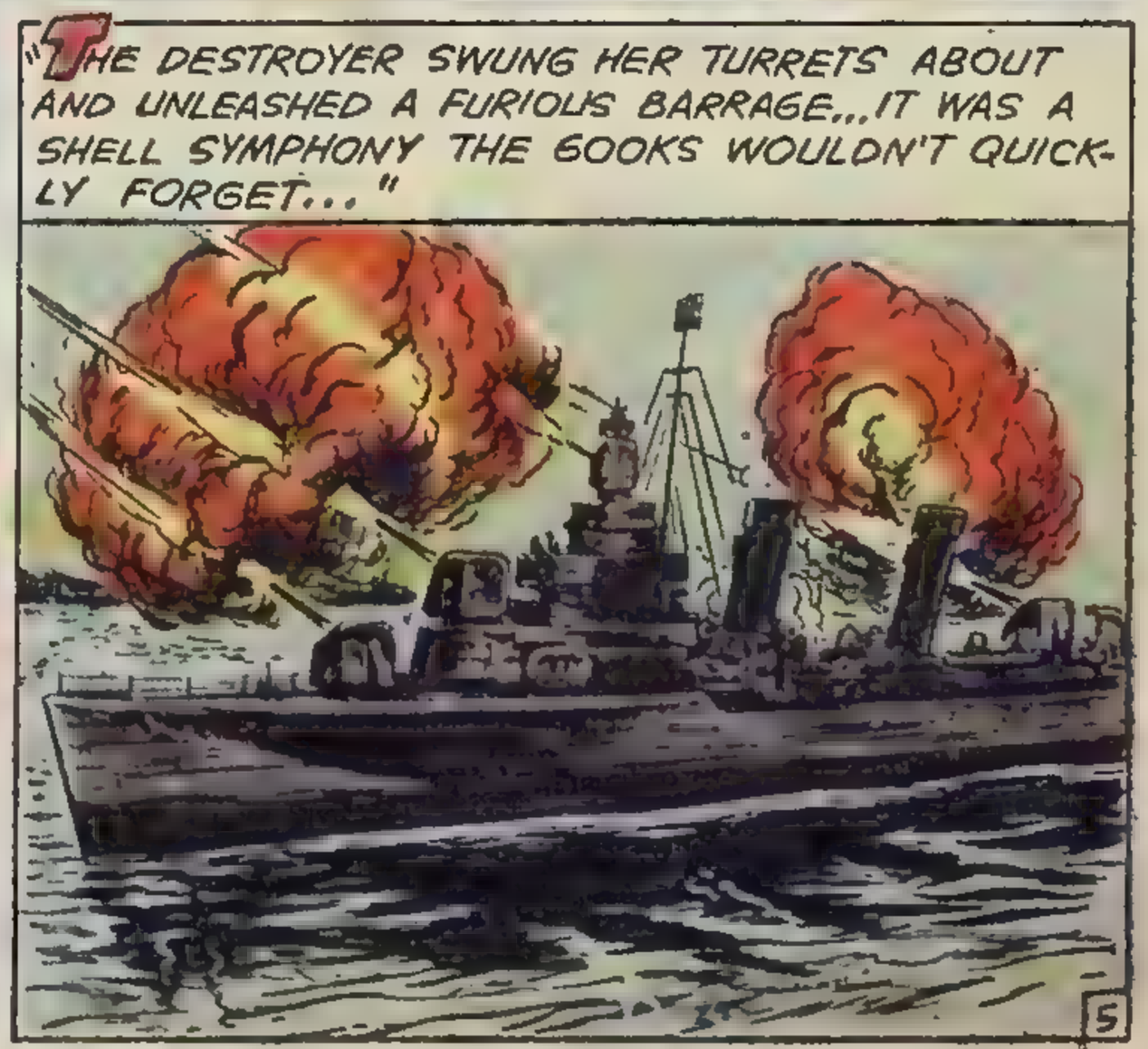
"AFTER OUTDISTANCING THEIR LEAD PELLETS I SETTLED DOWN TO A QUICK TWO-STROKE--- THAT'S WHEN I GOT TO THINKING--THINKING OF THAT PORTLAND SWIM MEET..."
I-I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO TRY THIS! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT...


"I WAS ABOUT TO CATCH ON TO A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD AND RIDE IT TO SAFETY WHEN GOOK ARTILLERY OPENED UP ON THE OUTFIT..."
SOUNDS LIKE THE SKY'S FALLING IN ON "L" COMPANY! POOR DEVILS! I'VE GOT TO HELP THEM! GOT TO...


"I SLIPPED PAST THE LOG AND PLOWED AHEAD UNDER FULL STEAM. A BUNCH OF NICE JOES WERE CATCHING EVERYTHING! IT WAS UP TO ME TO PULL THEM OFF THE SPOT!..."
I'LL MAKE IT TO THAT ANCHORED ARTILLERY --IF I HAVE TO DRINK A PATH THROUGH THIS WATER!


"MY SWIMMING COACH WAS RIGHT: A GUY'S GOT TO BE IN SHAPE! FIVE MINUTES LATER I FOLDED UP LIKE A PAPER BAG..."
LIEUTENANT, THERE'S A MAN FLOUNDERING OUT THERE! HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OURS!
CAST A BOAT OFF IMMEDIATELY! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!

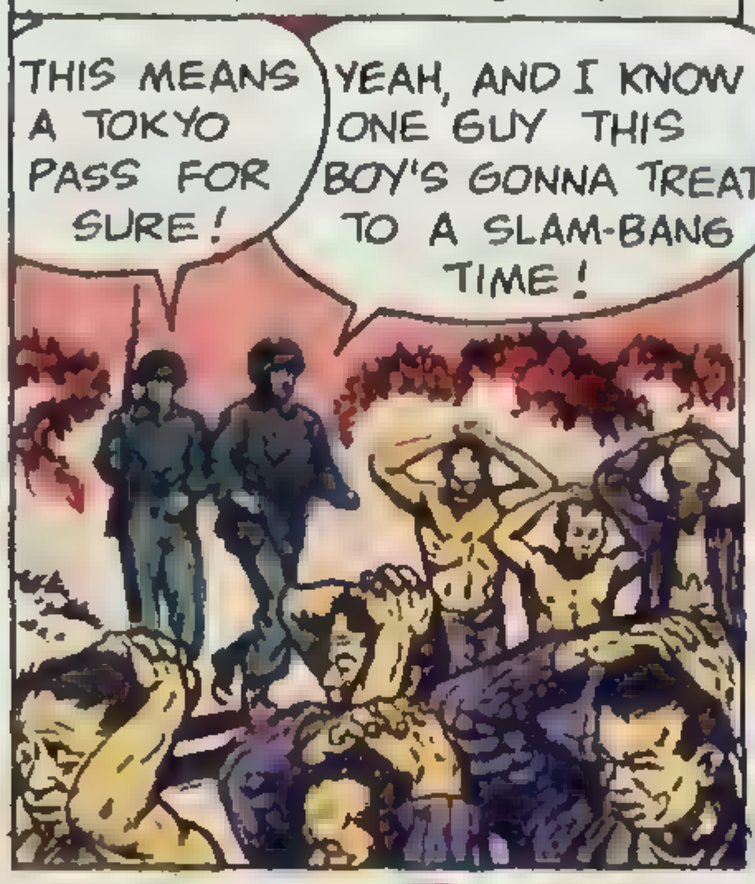

"MINUTES LATER, ABOARD THE DESTROYER, I GASPED OUT THE VITAL INFORMATION WHICH WOULD SAVE "L" COMPANY..."
Y-YOU GOTTA LAY A BARRAGE ALONG HILLS SEVEN, NINE AND FOURTEEN IMMEDIATELY! MY WHOLE OUTFIT WILL BE WIPED OUT IF YOU DON'T!
DON'T WORRY, SON! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT! GET HIM BELOW, BOATSWAIN!


"THE DESTROYER SWUNG HER TURRETS ABOUT AND UNLEASHED A FURIOUS BARRAGE...IT WAS A SHELL SYMPHONY THE GOOKS WOULDN'T QUICKLY FORGET..."

I HEARD ABOUT THE SHOW LATER. AFTER SEVEN HOURS OF BOMBARDMENT THE GOOK AREA WAS COMPLETELY LEVELED..."

"L COMPANY, WITH A REGIMENT OF REINFORCEMENTS, CLEANED UP WHAT THE NAVY BOYS MISSED..."

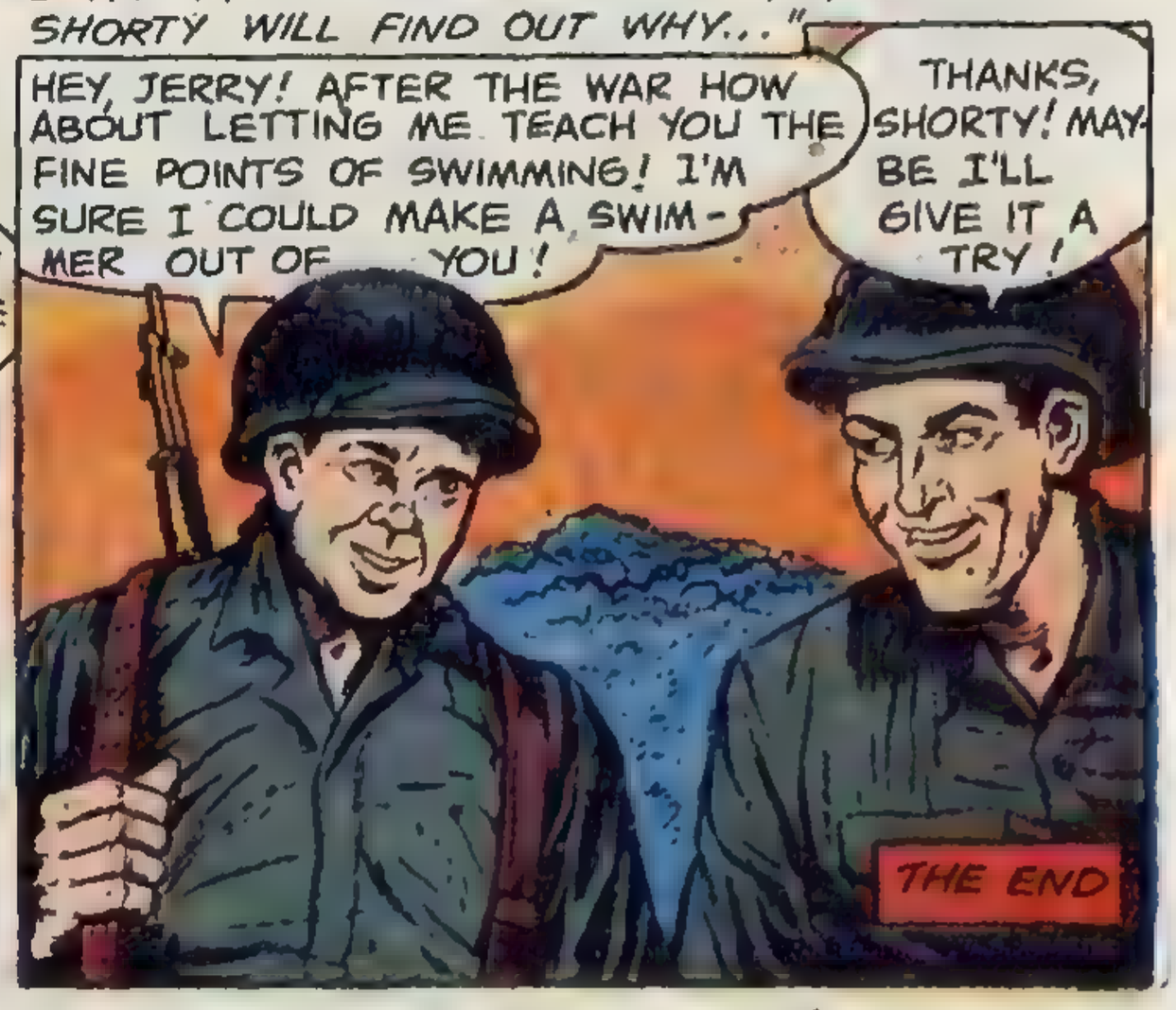
"LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, MOPPING UP OPERATIONS WERE OVER AND THE OUTFIT HEADED FOR THE REAR LINES WITH A BAG OF 3,000 PRISONERS..."



"I MET UP WITH THE BOYS AGAIN WHEN THE NAVY DROPPED ME OFF AT PUSAN..."

"WE CELEBRATED IN PUSAN FOR A FEW HOURS BEFORE A MESS OF MP'S FOULED UP OUR PLANS..."

"I COULDN'T HELP BUT CRACK A SMILE AS THE OUTFIT MOVED UP TO THE LINE. MAYBE ONE DAY SHORTY WILL FIND OUT WHY..."



NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost $1.95; the JETEX JAVELIN, $.75, a total cost of $2.70. Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only $1.98! (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.). Includes fuel supply.

$1.98

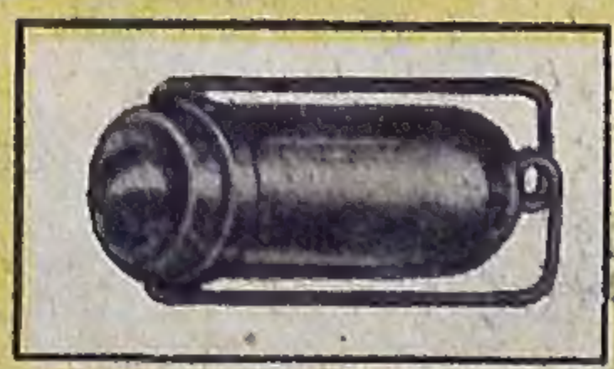
Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done"!

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE



The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable, NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.

JETEX JAVELIN 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Please rush the JETEX JAVELIN and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

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Address.....

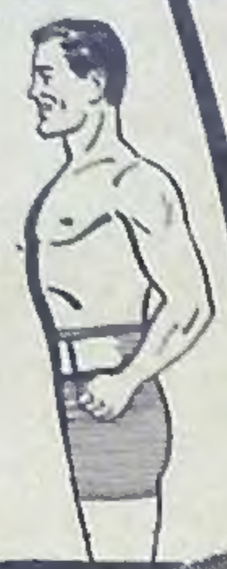
City.....Zone.....State.....

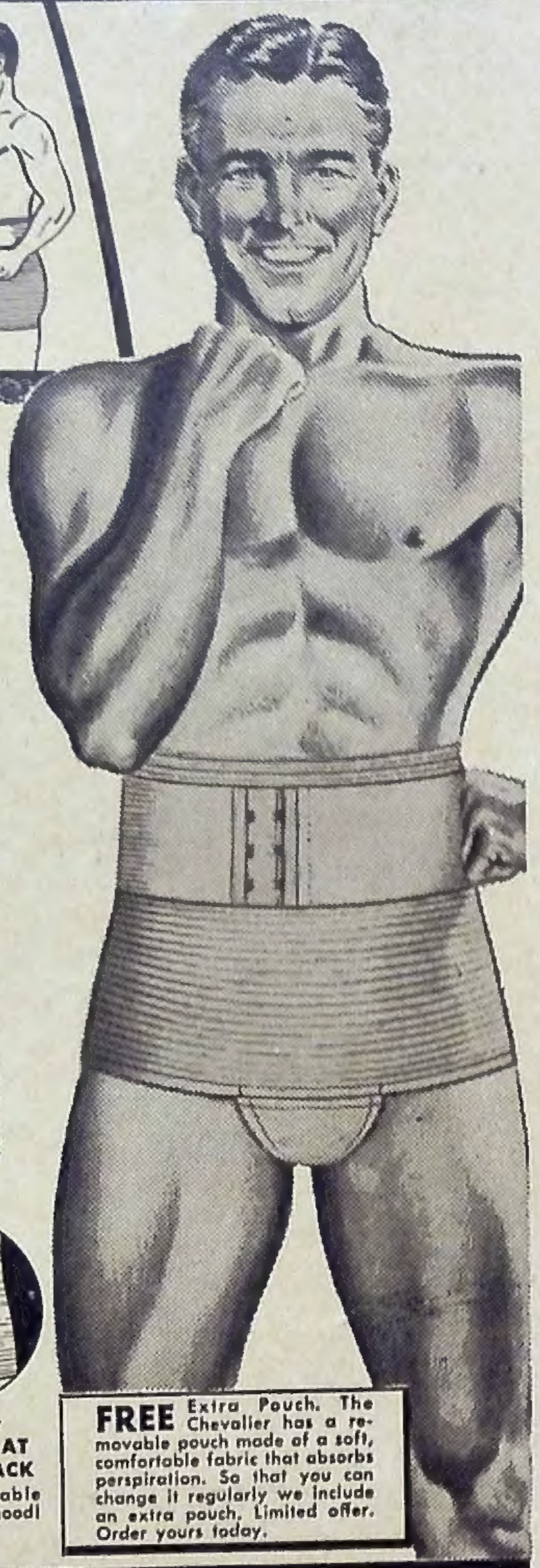
☐ I enclose $2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's who want to

LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER





POSTURE BAD? Got a 'Bay Window'?

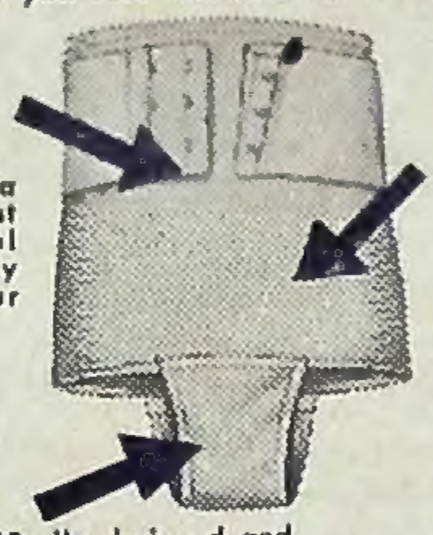
DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

and then he got a "CHEVALIER" . . .

YOU NEED A "CHEVALIER"!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you *personalized* fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon *right now!*

Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You *risk nothing!* Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!

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NOBODY IS JUST "*Naturally*" SKINNY!

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WOULD you believe it? *I* was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—*"Dynamic Tension."* And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast *"Dynamic Tension"* GETS RESULTS!

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Name..... *Age*.....
(*Please print or write plainly*)

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City..... *State*.....

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JUN. 1952

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INCHON NIGHTMARE		6